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Events of the Week.

THE third Battle of Ypres has entered upon another of the stages through which it must inevitably pass before a tactical can be turned into a strategical success. Westhoek, which lies due east from Ypres, and overlooks the Menin Road, was won and lost—all but the western fringes—in the battle of July 31st. Towards the end of last week it was completely recaptured, and with it the Westhoek Ridge. Having thus strengthened his hold east of Ypres, Sir Douglas Haig feinted at Lens, and then struck a heavy blow on Thursday on a front between Polygon Wood (east of Westhoek) and Langemarck. This village was taken, and the ground a mile to the east, but the fighting on the right flank of the attack was extremely heavy, and the first gains were not maintained. Over 1,800 prisoners were taken, however, and a number of guns. The German report puts the front of attack at nineteen miles, and says that it was shattered. The truth is that the length of front was only nine miles, and all the objectives were gained on the left flank of the attack. It is clear that the Germans have seized upon the importance of the ground north of the Lys; but Sir Douglas Haig has begun well, and his attack will be developed in careful limited assaults.

* * *

THE extent of the battle-front north of Lens was over 2½ miles, and the maximum depth to which the assailants penetrated on the first day of the offensive was

1,500 yards. The Canadians were fighting on historic ground, and they fought a hard battle and achieved successes which recall an earlier page in the history of the British Army during the war. Before the attack General Currie's troops were confronted by an elaborate network of defensive positions. The country is covered by straggling colliery settlements which form admirable centres for resistance, and at some parts of the battle-front there was fierce fighting. A little before dawn on Wednesday the assault was launched after a short but intense and accurate bombardment, and the Canadians are said to have taken all objectives, which included Hill 70, the fortified villages of Cité Ste Elizabeth, Cité St. Emile, and Cité St. Laurent, and Bois Hugo. The British casualties were slight, but those of the enemy were extremely heavy.

* * *

DURING the day five counter-attacks were delivered; but all were repulsed by the infantry or broken by artillery fire. One of these assaults was made by a division of the Prussian Guard, but it fared no better than the others, and at the end of the day all the positions remained in our hands. As a result of this attack, the British have now thrown their line about Lens, and however difficult it may prove to capture the town, it must prove more perilous to hold. The British can now cover all the approaches with their artillery fire, and the Germans are thus placed in a grave dilemma. Lens is one of those strong fortified areas upon which the enemy line in the West depends. It cannot be evacuated without weakening the positions of Douai and Lille. The skill of Sir Douglas Haig in raising the question in an urgent form while he is directing his main attention to the ground about Ypres is very evident. And Lens is not the only position in unstable equilibrium.

* * *

THE Russo-Roumanian position is still one of great interest. Mackensen is pressing up the Sereth Valley, but nowhere have the enemy crossed the river. Their most conspicuous success is the capture of the bridge-head of Baltaretu, which lies at the point where the loop-line joining the Czernovitz and the Jassy Railways crosses the river. A considerable number of prisoners has been claimed; but the Roumanians have also taken prisoners in their counter-thrusts. One of these has been delivered from Ocna; but it is apparently in hand now, and the Russians and Roumanians are falling back on the Trotus Valley. Of more importance is the attack at the mouth of the Buzeu River. A number of guns, machine-guns, and prisoners were gained here, and although the attack seems to have spent itself, the enemy communications in this area are extremely sensitive, and may yield to a bold assault. The railway line which supplies the enemy front for some distance makes a sort of V with the fighting positions, the apex being at Baltaretu, where Mackensen is making the most vigorous thrust. But a small advance from the mouth of the Buzeu or the Rimnic would cut the line in the rear of the enemy with disastrous effects. It is probable that a heavy battle for the Sereth crossings is imminent. Meanwhile, the pioneers of the American Army have marched through the London streets, an obvious symbol of more

enduring significance than the set-backs in Roumania. They looked healthy and hard, and it is impossible not to see in them the promise of a fulfilment which shall turn the scale.

* * *

THE second of the world's great international forces has now intervened to promote a peace of conciliation. At the moment when the Western Allies have banned the Stockholm Conference, the Pope has issued to all the belligerent Powers a circular letter in which he exhorts them to peace, and suggests a basis on which it may be reached. The tone of the document is touching in its simplicity and unworldliness, and no one who reads it can suppose that its motive is anything other than the desire to serve humanity. It is not clear from the document itself what exact sequel the Pope expects to his appeal. It is an exhortation "in the name of the Prince of Peace," backed by a series of general but sagacious suggestions. It is not in form an express offer of mediation, nor does it invite the belligerents, as Mr. Wilson did last winter, to state their own demands. It makes no precise suggestions of a conference to be promoted by the Vatican. It is, in fact, an appeal to public opinion. It is a letter which requires a careful answer, and the world will form its judgment of the belligerents by the answers which they give.

* * *

THE Pope's basis starts, as we believe all constructive proposals must, with the question of guarantees for the future. He proposes what is in effect the League of Nations in its fullest conception—the institution, as he puts it, of arbitration, with "measures to be adopted against any State which will refuse either to submit international questions to arbitration or to accept the decisions of such arbitration." With this must go a diminution of armaments down to the level of what is strictly necessary for the maintenance of public order in each State. Then comes the passage which has specially offended our Press—the proposal that rules be devised to assure "the true freedom and common use of the seas." Are we then opposed to that, and do we expect others to abandon militarism on land while we refuse any international regulation at sea? This was not Lord Grey's view, when he offered mid-way in the war to make our concessions as to sea-power dependent on German concessions as to land-power. Finally, on the question of reparation for damage, the Pope proposes, with some exceptions, the principle of "reciprocal condonation." This does not seem to us so helpful an idea as the Socialist proposal of a general fund for compensation, to which all belligerents shall contribute in proportion to their war-expenditure.

* * *

THE Pope's territorial proposals start with the general restitution of occupied territories. The Germans must evacuate Belgium and Northern France, and we must restore their colonies. Belgium must receive "a guarantee of her full political, military, and economic independence." The *status quo*, once restored, other questions must be examined in a conciliatory disposition, taking into account the gains which will flow from "a lasting peace with disarmament." Thus the Pope lightly indicates one after the other, Alsace-Lorraine, the Italian claims on Austria, and especially the restoration of "the ancient kingdom of Poland." The Balkans and Armenia are mentioned, with "the aspirations of the populations" as the general clue. All this is to lead up to the solution of economic questions—a hint, apparently, that the issue between "economic peace" and "war after war" should be postponed. That is doubtful tactics. The sketch strikes us as fair and moderate, and by no means pro-German. The test will be whether Germany and Austria are now ready to admit a conciliatory discussion of French and Italian claims. The bigger test will be whether our Government will adopt a better tone than our Press, and admit its readiness to discuss at all.

* * *

THE Prime Minister has broken with the Labor Party, and Mr. Henderson has virtually been driven

from the War Cabinet and the Ministry. This serious event has been given the somewhat scandalous dress in which separations from Mr. George's councils usually appear. A fierce campaign against Mr. Henderson was opened in the Ministerial—i.e., the Northcliffe Press of last week, and his resignation was formally demanded in the "Times" of Saturday morning. The reason of these proceedings was soon disclosed. Mr. Henderson had come back from Russia with the truthful impression that the democracy wanted the Stockholm Conference, and that if the Government wished it well, they should assist that purpose by allowing an English delegation to go there. This proved to be the view of the Executive of the Labor Party and of the Conference called to consider it. On a card vote, the latter passed a resolution in favor of Stockholm by an overwhelming majority, 1,846,000 to 550,000.

* * *

FAR otherwise was the decision of the War Cabinet. They resolutely opposed the Conference, discovered that it was against the law even to allow British subjects to take part in it, and based on this a decision to refuse passports in which the French and Italian Governments joined. This would appear to make Lord Newton's action illegal, but what is good for a Peer is not, we suppose, equally good for a Commoner, let alone a representative of Labor. Russia was also, it is clear, asked to reconsider her views and dissociate herself from the Conference. Her Government replied in a colorless telegram, declaring that the Conference was a "party concern" (the concern, that is to say, of the party on which the Government rests) rather than of the Government itself. Every effort was also made to induce Mr. Henderson to withdraw from his advocacy of a British resort to Stockholm. The War Cabinet seemed to think that they had made an impression, and that Mr. Henderson was prepared to go to the Conference and advise against representation. They were mistaken. Mr. Henderson seems to have made a fair use of the material he had for a decision, none of which he was allowed to use until Mr. Lloyd George produced a single message which he judged suitable to the purpose. It is possible to argue that though the Prime Minister's message arrived too late for mention in Mr. Henderson's speech, he had better have read it to the Conference. In any case, it could hardly have influenced the vote.

* * *

THE discovery that Mr. Henderson had recommended, though cautiously, a resort to Stockholm, produced the savage attack in the "Times" of Saturday. Mr. Henderson then resigned, and the Prime Minister accepted his resignation in an equally savage letter, accusing him of having led the Cabinet to suppose that he would advise against representation, and of withholding the Kerensky telegram from the knowledge of the Conference. Mr. Henderson defended himself in a vigorous speech, denying a change of mind, showing that the Russian message was in his possession when he spoke on Friday, that he had summarized the official view in his speech to the Labor men, that he had offered to resign over the visit to Paris, and that nothing had come of his offer. He also detailed a series of personal indignities, inflicted on him by the Junkers of the War Cabinet, which were almost of the nature of an official and journalistic persecution. Mr. George, in reply, repeated the official suggestion of deception, again alleged a change of Russian policy, which he curiously associated with M. Kerensky's crusade against the fraternization of the armies. This, of course, was as strongly condemned by the Soviet, the promoters of the Conference, as by the Russian Government. Mr. Asquith closed this heated colloquy by a wise affirmation of the patriotism of the Labor Party, and a plain hint that the peoples ought to be associated with the peace. Mr. Barnes has now replaced Mr. Henderson in the War Cabinet, though his society, the Engineers, is all for Stockholm. He is therefore in no sense representative of Labor, which, through the Executive of the party, adheres to Mr. Henderson.

THE question of the Stockholm Conference is, however, by no means disposed of. A public and official statement from the Russian Government has now finally denied the suggestion that it is opposed to the Conference, "its view being that it is useful that questions concerning war and peace should be submitted for discussion to the Socialist Internationale." The *communiqué* adds that M. Kerensky and M. Terestchenko have both personally informed the Allied Governments that they consider it undesirable to put obstacles in the way of the Conference. In an interview with the "Daily News," M. Kerensky has gone even further; opposition to the Conference, he says, "is simply playing into the Germans' hands." The way is now clear for a reversal of Mr. George's decision, based as it was on misrepresentation of the Russian attitude. The Labor Executive has quietly affirmed its former position, and decided to make further representations to the Government. Meanwhile, it turns out that the legal opinion about the criminality of associating with enemy subjects exactly reverses that given in Miss Emily Hobhouse's case. The Cabinet has taken up a position that is wholly untenable, and if Labor is firm, its decision must be reversed.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE took the opportunity of the debate on the motion for adjournment on Thursday to give the House of Commons some definite news of our circumstances and prospects. Our stock of cereals has greatly improved: we hold 8,500,000 quarters of wheat, or about 2 million more than we held this time last year, and we are receiving 70,000 quarters a week. Our cultivated area has increased by a million acres, and our own harvest promises to be the best for many years. The world harvests, on the other hand, are not good. Our gross shipping loss was 560,000 tons in April, 320,000 tons in May, and in August it will probably be less. We are increasing our shipbuilding at a rapid pace, and for the second six months of the year we expect to add 1,420,000 tons to our shipping, whereas in the whole year of 1916 we built only 535,000 tons. Mr. Asquith, commenting on these encouraging figures, paid a warm tribute to Labor, to whose patriotism and endurance the nation owed the remarkable achievement recorded in these figures.

MR. CHURCHILL has done the right thing in dropping the proposal to extend dilution by Bill. He proposed on Wednesday that Clause 1 of the new Munitions Bill should be omitted, remarking, with justice, that dilution could in fact only be carried out by agreement, and that therefore the Clause was valueless if agreement could not be reached, and unnecessary if agreement was reached. He promised also to carry out his pledge to abolish leaving certificates, though he argued that in the present unsatisfactory relation of the wages of skilled and semi-skilled, direct abolition was impossible. When Parliament reassembles this will be done. The Bill gives power to extend to a dissenting minority awards agreed on by the majorities of workers, and this Clause is satisfactory to unionists. Mr. Pringle, Mr. Wardle, and Mr. Anderson all welcomed Mr. Churchill's announcement.

THE course of events in Spain, since the Government declared martial law last month, is very difficult to follow. Two revolutionary movements were feared, a "regionalist" and republican movement centred in Barcelona, and a Socialist movement acting through a general strike. The Government seems to have acted before either was ripe, and so to have taken both at a disadvantage. The Barcelona federalist convention met successfully, though the Government boasted that it was dispersed. A series of riots of a revolutionary type were next suppressed in the province of Valencia, where the stoppage of the export of oranges has brought acute distress, if not famine. The general strike broke out on August 10th on the railways, and in Madrid. The official news is, of course, optimistic, and possibly untrue. We are told that some trains are running, that the strike committee has been arrested, and that some

workmen have gone back to work. It may be so. Under martial law only the official news is available. But clearly the impulse to revolutionary change is general and formidable.

THE formal declaration of war by China on Germany and her Allies may be of no military importance, but it may have the largest economic consequences. It nearly completes the world-wide ring which now surrounds the Central Empires, and closes an immense field to their future trade, if peace should be concluded with the Paris Resolutions still standing. "Mitteleuropa" might have waged a trade war with the Entente as it stood in 1916. Against the combination of 1917, with America, Brazil, and now China, it is powerless. This means, we hope, not that "economic" peace will be refused at the settlement, but that the ability to refuse it will be used as our most potent instrument of negotiation.

IN this connection the speech of Mr. Walter Long on the Colonial Vote is a danger signal. He announced that an inter-Departmental Committee has been formed, over which he presides, to work out a plan for giving "specially favorable treatment and facilities to the produce and manufactures of other parts of the Empire." He did not use the word Preferential tariff, but he went on to remark that the question was difficult because of the "necessity of having a policy so framed as to meet the views of our Allies." Certainly, the two policies of Colonial Preference and Preference for Allies are in spirit incompatible. The Government is committed to both. There is a double danger here. One of them is that the country may be committed to some form of Protection without an election by an exhausted House that cannot act freely. The other and graver danger is that while the Cabinet is working out this problem, it is debarred from facing what is, we are convinced, the crux of the war-settlement—whether we shall concede "economic peace" to the enemy in return for a good settlement of other issues.

THE Aga Khan has taken the right opportunity for publishing the political testament left in his hands by Mr. Gokhale, that model of wise and far-seeing statesmanship. Its actual proposals do not differ greatly from the suggestions put forward by Lord Islington in Oxford last week, and it is well known that, from the time of Lord Morley's administration onward to his regrettable death two years ago, Mr. Gokhale's opinion was frequently consulted by the India Office. The main principle is decentralization by autonomous Provinces, again divided for local administration into district councils and village *punchayats* (the ancient Indian committees of five elected villagers). Each Provincial Governor should be appointed direct from England (free from I.C.S. tradition), and should have an Executive Council of six, including three Indians; and a Legislative Council of about 100, of whom four-fifths should be elected.

THE Viceroy should have a similar Executive of six (including two Indians), and a Legislative Council of 100 (instead of 67), the majority being at present official. This, as the document says, would give the Government a reserve power over Provincial administration in rare emergencies. But, in his covering letter, the Aga Khan mentions how strongly Mr. Gokhale was always in favor of direct elections, fearing only the strong official opposition to any such reform. Among the other proposals are the interesting one for reviving an Indian Navy; the long-standing demand for Indian Commissions in the Army; and the original suggestion that, if German East Africa is conquered and retained, it should be reserved for Indian colonization, and handed over to the Government of India. It is rather strange that no mention is made of education, the reform certainly nearest to Mr. Gokhale's heart during the last years of his life. But Lord Islington justly laid great stress upon it.

Politics and Affairs.

THE PEACEMAKERS.

WHEN the folly of the German Junkers forced the United States to become a belligerent, it seemed that the last agency was gone from the world whose prestige would have enabled it to mediate between the warring Governments. The extreme need of humanity has called into life two neglected and partly disintegrated forces to take up the work which Mr. Wilson's new situation compelled him to abandon. In these two weeks the Socialist International has been morally restored, and the Papacy has revived its old medieval rôle of peacemaker. To neither of the agencies has the Allied Press spoken in the language of the Beatitude. Both of them have been treated as Mr. Wilson was treated in his neutral days. Events have shown how inept was the suggestion which our Conservative Press made last winter, that Mr. Wilson was then acting as the tool of the German Government. The same wearisome charges that they are either the dupes or the partisans of Berlin are made to-day against the Socialists and the Pope. There was a time when it used to be said that peace is the first interest of the British Empire. The implication in too many of our leading articles to-day is that war is our self-evident interest, and that anyone who points a path to peace is manifestly plotting against us.

The plain fact is that both these initiatives spring sincerely from the concern of humane men for the sufferings of all Europe. Socialism and the Catholic Church have this in common, that both of them feel the misery which weighs on the masses in both camps. The first idea of a Stockholm Conference came from Mr. Branting and M. Camille Huysmans. The former has been hailed by Lord Robert Cecil as a good friend of the Entente, and is attacked in the enemy Press as its partisan, if not its agent: the latter is the Belgian Secretary of the Socialist International Bureau. The second impulse to Stockholm came from the Russian Soviet, but not from its little Leninite Left Wing, which has opposed the plan altogether. In so far as the Pope has any grounds for action other than simple humanity, we imagine that he is specially concerned for three peoples—the Belgians, the Austrians, and the Poles. These are the most faithful members of his flock in Europe, and they are found in opposite camps. His pontifical position makes him a neutral, but no mitre can prevent the brain of the man beneath it from thinking an Italian thought. The Allied Governments have set their ban upon the Stockholm Conference: the Allied Press calls for a treatment as decisive, if slightly more courteous, of the Pope's proposals. On the one hand, the official diplomacy of the Entente allows itself to be manœuvred into a position in which it seems to be rejecting a "people's peace." No refusal of passports can alter the fact that the International, shattered by the war, is now morally restored. The votes of our Labor Party and the French Socialists make a vital change in the whole European position. The working classes are recovering their confidence in each other, and with it comes an accentuation of their distrust of the helpless, conscienceless machinery of secret official diplomacy. The International was willing to help the Governments towards peace. It may now be driven to oppose them in order to get peace, and the revolutionary idea latent within it must be powerfully stimulated. On the other hand, if Governments shrink from the rough democratic aspect of a popular Socialist Conference, the Papacy places at their disposal a diplomatic engine as discreet and conservative as any in the world. The rejection of both expedients would look to countless millions of men in both camps like a declaration to pursue war at any cost, and moral forces which are together the most powerful factors in European public opinion would be ranged against us.

The grave consequences which must follow the rejection of both these interventions on behalf of peace leave us little inclination to discuss the personal controversy which surrounds the question of Stockholm. Mr. Henderson seems to us to have behaved in trying circum-

stances with loyalty and forbearance; but his experience has undoubtedly proved that a Labor Minister cannot combine his trustee's duty towards the democracy with his position in a Cabinet dominated by Lord Curzon, Lord Milner, and Sir Edward Carson. He came home from Petrograd deeply penetrated with a sense of what is due to the new Russian democracy in its hour of peril and trial. He came home to forward not merely the official revision of Allied war-aims, but the popular work of restating the general idea of European Reconstruction at Stockholm. What happened thereafter is intelligible only on the hypothesis that Mr. George himself was originally favorable to the Stockholm project. One supposes that he changed his mind under the influence either of M. Ribot and Baron Sonnino, or of his own Tory colleagues. They then expected Mr. Henderson to act as the tool of the War Cabinet, and to exploit his position as a Labor leader and a friend of Russia, to "turn down" the Conference. That was not Mr. Henderson's conception of his duty. In order to cover the quick change which he was expected to make, some kind of evidence was procured which seemed to suggest that the Russian Government had changed its mind, and is now opposed to the Conference. The fragment of the published telegram (obviously an answer to some communication from this side) conveyed nothing of the kind. It merely stated that the Russian Government would not interfere with the Conference, but also would not be bound by it. A later official statement from Petrograd denies that there has been any change of attitude, and declares that the Russian Government favors the meeting. Under this obscure manœuvre there lurks a transparent confusion. No one supposed that the Russian Government was in any way responsible for the Conference, or would in any way be bound by it. The whole idea of the Conference is that it is a meeting of the delegates of the organized workers of Europe, summoned to discover by conference whether they can find a way more hopeful than mutual slaughter for making democracy secure. Mr. Henderson was hampered in his defence by the obligation to respect confidential transactions, but if he had told the Labor Conference one-half of what he told the House of Commons, the vote for going to Stockholm would have been even more decisive than it was. The painful story of the War Cabinet's treatment of Mr. Henderson will not dispose Labor to favor such associations in future, nor will the refusal of passports increase the popularity of the Western Governments in Russia. We are not sure that the Stockholm Conference is even now disposed of. The Russians, the Germans, and the neutrals will in any event assemble. Their meeting without the Western delegations, as we argued last week, must make the temptation towards a separate peace much harder to resist than it was before. It is happily true that the Russians are now rallying with spirit, method, and concentration to meet the immediate danger to their broken lines, but there is no reason to suppose that either the Government or the Soviet have modified their desires for an early general peace.

Meanwhile, in document after document the lines on which that general peace must be based grow increasingly clear. The draft of the Labor Party's Executive is, in the main, a piece of broad constructive statesmanship. Its great merit is that it throws into high relief the large international lines of a good settlement. How this and the other frontier may be modified may be a vital matter for some millions of our fellows, but of vastly greater moment are the arrangements for peace, trade, and disarmament which affect the whole world. This Labor scheme makes the League of Nations the foundation of all its construction, and without this the war will have been a fruitless effort. It goes on to reject without reserves the projects of a war of tariffs and boycotts which is to carry the interrupted war of flesh and blood into a new phase of organized hatred. It substitutes for the idea of Imperialist annexations in Turkey and Africa the proposal of a big international development under the guardianship of the League of Nations. As to the essential basis of this international régime in tropical Africa, there is now a large measure of agreement among disinterested experts. It must rest

on three principles: (1) Complete commercial equality in the export of raw materials, in the import of merchandise, and in capital enterprises for the trade and finance of all the Powers; (2) the neutralization in war and peace of this whole area, with the corollary that the natives must not be drilled and armed; and (3) a charter of native rights securing their title to the soil and its produce. For the effective enforcement of these principles there must be a super-national authority, a Commission with its inspectors, appointed by the League of Nations. So far we agree with the Labor Party. We do not, however, think it practicable or desirable to suppress the various national civil administrations. An administrative tradition is not easily built up, and an international administration with no Parliament behind it to redress scandals might easily become corrupt. In this zone the British, French, and German administrations must work, under an international charter, and subject to some re-partition of areas. There are other good international features in this scheme, especially the proposal that the devastated areas of Europe shall be compensated from a general fund.

The obstacle to a good settlement is not any dearth of proposals. An excellent scheme could be drafted by combining the Papal proposals with the best features of the various Socialist schemes. The real obstacle is the curious reluctance that prevails on our side to believe that the present balance of forces is sufficiently favorable, or sufficiently even, to allow of a good peace. Those who so reason are fixing their minds exclusively on the position in the land war. They forget the effect of our supremacy at sea, the present pressure of the blockade, and above all, the extent and solidity of the combination which would enable us to convert this blockade into a permanent boycott. The entrance first of America and then of Brazil and China into our coalition, has made this economic threat overwhelming. As a German newspaper pointed out last week, the Entente now has the power to deprive industrial Germany absolutely and permanently of vital raw materials—cotton, copper, rubber, and the vegetable oils of the tropics. That power is worth in a bargain many a bloody and victorious offensive—provided we are ready to use it. It is an asset only if we are prepared to give it up on terms. But if the economic "War after war" is for us a substantive aim, it is idle to dream of negotiation. We must fight on, not for months but for years, in order to establish ourselves in the position of commercial monopoly. If, on the other hand, we are fighting for the avowed ends of security and liberty, and not for commercial ascendancy, we have assets enough in the tactical use of a threatened boycott to ensure a good peace to-day.

THE FOG OF WAR.

It is evident that we can form no just view of the war without an estimate—clear, if general—of the enemy's military position. We can appreciate the signs of political readjustments within the German Empire, and the low exchange value of the mark bears witness to an economic state that is realized by many in Germany more vividly than by the external spectator. But we are wrong to regard the political or economic factors as of the primary and decisive value attaching to the military situation. The political upheaval is, indeed, directly traceable to a growing suspicion that this is not what it ought to be, that the submarine campaign is not the machine-god it was expected to be, and that the victory which was so confidently promised at the beginning of the war is unattainable. And yet the enemy's military position is extremely hard to determine. It is not that the enemy is any better informed as to our situation. One side or the other has throughout the war made striking miscalculations as to the force of the opponents. General von Bissing, writing *towards the end of 1915*, noted in a private memoir that the strength of the Allies was waning, and that we were attempting to conceal it. This is one of the most amazing miscalculations of the war. But six months or so later the German Staff made a more disastrous blunder about the force at Russia's disposal, and as a result the Central Empires suffered

casualties amounting to some 800,000. Another mistake was that of General Nivelle, who, in the April offensive on the Aisne, gravely underestimated the enemy's force.

From these considerations we may reasonably infer that the expert and professional judge is as liable to err as to the immediate bearing of the evidence at his disposal as he is sure and dependable with regard to its general bearing. For none of these errors of judgment had any cardinal influence on the war, although they determined the course of operations for some time. And we can readily find explanations of some of them. General von Bissing was in error as to the determination of the Allies, and, underestimating their will, inevitably minimized the lengths to which they would go. This premiss, which is fundamental to the situation, has been the cause of the varying estimates in this country. The normal resources of the enemy could be stated with a reasonable assurance as to their accuracy; but no one could say or can say what numbers are available if the belligerents are to fight "to the last dog." The relief from prisoners must be taken into account. The help of women in releasing men at home and in the war area must also be estimated; and if we arrive at an army of very mixed physique, we have to remember that all armies, except the American, are marked by this characteristic. The common factor may, therefore, be ignored to some extent. In general, we are justified in concluding that the German quality varies inversely with the numbers; but it is necessary to bear in mind that cadres of first-rate soldiers can absorb a considerable proportion of poorly-trained men of poor physical quality. Neither military nor medical science can make a man organically unsound equal to one whose health is not impaired; but for the war of positions the poor quality of an army will not gravely prejudice its chances. Shock troops can be formed from the pick of the men, and the general bulk, while acting on good positions with but simple rôles, will react sufficiently well up to a point. It is dangerous to trust to such expedients; but we have to regard them from the standpoint of the success they achieve.

Mr. Gerard, the former American Ambassador in Berlin, has just published in the "Daily Telegraph" a new estimate of the numbers available for the German army. It is some months since he left Germany; but he must have had exceptional sources of information, and it is striking that he should put the "effectives under arms" at 9,000,000. This number is clearly inadmissible, for the number summoned to the Colors is put at 12,000,000, and no allowance is made for those rejected as unfit. The Germans realize, even if we do not, that to send men into the fighting-line on stretchers is to increase the effective strength by minus two for every invalid. A certain number out of the 12,000,000 must, therefore, be written off for the rejected as unfit. General de Lacroix, in an estimate made a few months ago, put this category at 2,200,000; and it is difficult to regard any lower number as reasonable. Mr. Gerard estimates the killed and finally incapacitated as only 2,500,000, including 500,000 prisoners. General de Lacroix gave this category as over 3,600,000, and Mr. Belloc, we believe, estimates it at 4,000,000. It is incredible that Mr. Gerard's figure should be even near the truth when he only allows another 500,000 for the wounded and sick floating population off the strength. There is a difference of perhaps two months in the date at which Mr. Gerard's and General de Lacroix's estimates were made; but this will not explain so great a discrepancy between the results of their investigations. General de Lacroix put the available effectives in June at just over 6,000,000, of whom 5,435,000 were engaged at the Front and in the interior. These figures are undoubtedly near the truth, and Mr. Gerard's effectives can only be so regarded by that stimulating fiction which seems to have appealed so overwhelmingly to our own War Office. They may represent soldiers on paper; but they can hardly be the field variety, which alone count.

But when estimates differ so widely we can feel little confidence in any numerical estimates; and it seems to many surprising that while we are apparently making our maximum effort, the enemy can find the force to clear almost the whole of Galicia and conduct an offensive

in Roumania. The position is not as disturbing on examination as it seems at first sight. The retreat on the Galician front has not been as disorderly as was at first thought, and in the East political factors have been so deeply involved since the beginning of the war that military operations could never be estimated simply by themselves. On the Western front we have from the first had a more reasonable gauge of the relative strength of the belligerents, and the situation can be best gathered from two fundamental considerations. Since the Battle of the Marne the Germans have not waged a successful offensive in the West, and since the end of 1916 their defensive has begun to fail. Opinions may vary as to the degree to which these two propositions are true; but there can be no dispute as to their essential truth. The retreat to St. Quentin was the first acknowledgment of the strategic success of the Somme battle. It was a recognition that the German defensive had been found wanting, although for nearly three years the Allies, mostly inferior in numbers and material, had conducted a successful defensive. Then the victories of Vimy Ridge, the Chemin des Dames, Messines Ridge, and the third Battle of Ypres accentuated the confession. To clinch it finally the enemy for several months directed repeated attacks against the captured positions on the Aisne. At the end, the French are better placed than at the beginning.

However estimates may be challenged, these considerations remain valid. For nearly three years the Allies on the West maintained a successful defensive and generally by the normal resistance of the trench garrisons. At present the Germans are depending wholly on repeated counter-attacks by shock troops; and *they are not maintaining themselves*. That the position is realized may be gathered from the undisguised nervousness of the German Press. The aggressive design of Germany failed long ago. Her military power has for some time been secondary to that of the Allies, and she is now clearly endeavoring to avoid defeat in the field by pressing her submarine campaign in order to put a limit to our pressure.

THE WRONG WAY.

MR. FISHER'S Education Bill follows the lines sketched in his earlier speeches. We have already expressed our sympathy with his general proposals for improving elementary education by abolishing half-time before the age of fourteen, by restricting child labor during those years, and by establishing nursery schools. If these proposals are accompanied by generous arrangements for paying teachers, they will mark an advance of considerable significance.

When we come to what Mr. Fisher himself described as "the most novel, if not the most important provision in the Bill," we can only express our regret on finding that his Bill is even more disappointing than the speech Mr. Fisher made last spring. The atmosphere of this part of the Bill is reactionary, and Mr. Fisher, in defending his provisions for continuation schools, adopted a tone which gave some color to Mr. Wedgwood's criticisms. Roughly, the position is this. In the comfortable classes, boys and girls are educated till they reach manhood or womanhood. During the years of adolescence (now recognized as the most critical years in life), they have plenty of fresh air and games, besides instruction which is at any rate reasonably agreeable and stimulating. There may be room for improvement in their schools and the methods employed, but the capital fact about these boys and girls is that it is recognized that the development of their minds and bodies comes before every other consideration.

When we pass to the working classes, we find that all education is under the shadow of industrial necessity. The idea that the children of these classes are merely properties of the great industrial machine belongs to the days of the Industrial Revolution. That tradition still clings to our society, and in such intervals for discussion as we have been able to snatch from religious quarrels, we have reminded ourselves that Germany is a dangerous industrial competitor, and that our industries will suffer if our workpeople are not better educated. This is the one

standard for judging the kind and extent of education which is desirable for the working classes, and it reveals more than anything else our frank acquiescence in the view of the working classes as a subject population. We tell stories of bright boys climbing from parish school to University, but we take no interest in the claim of the working-class child to be treated like the child of the comfortable classes—as a child, that is, with body and mind that need care and education.

That part of Mr. Fisher's Bill which deals with continuation education will, we fear, encourage this false and fatal habit. Mr. Fisher, as a scholar and historian of European distinction, loves the spirit of learning, but as a Parliamentarian he uses language that would suggest to some minds that the employers have some natural right to decide how much education the working classes shall receive. He pleads with them as if they were the arbiters; he asks them "to assent to those changes"; his speech reads as if he was appealing to an industrial oligarchy, and as if the democracy had no voice in deciding this question. Worst of all, his Bill recognizes employers' schools, and allows compulsion to be put on children to attend them. "We do not desire to discourage voluntary effort. On the contrary, we believe that very great benefit accrues from the recognition on the part of the employers of their educational responsibilities towards their employees, and we believe that a great many more employers may be induced to start part-time schools connected with their own concerns, in view of the general obligations created under this Bill for some form of continued education throughout the period of adolescence." This is to tie up our education to the industrial system with a vengeance, and it is no wonder that people are found to suspect that the whole scheme is merely an enlightened design for increasing profits. A century ago the employers preferred ignorant labor; to-day they prefer trained labor. The State is there to give them what they want.

The Bill then provides that every young person between fourteen and eighteen shall receive 320 hours' instruction a year. That instruction is to include general education, vocational training, and physical education. The time devoted to it is a good deal less than the time spent on games alone in the public schools. It may be given in employers' schools within the works, which means that the factory becomes more than ever the centre of life. Mr. Fisher apologizes for this ignominious allowance on the ground of the difficulty of finding teachers, the expenditure that would be necessary for maintenance and building, and the fear that a more generous provision "would involve too great a disturbance of the juvenile labor market." The first and the second difficulties are money difficulties, and if the nation is in earnest, they can be surmounted. What is the importance of the last? Surely the disturbance of the juvenile Labor Market is rather a benefit than an evil. It should be one of the chief aims of any decent industrial reconstruction to make juvenile labor scarce and dear. Juvenile labor is one of the depressing influences in the industrial world, and the boy who sacrifices his developing mind and body to the demands of the mill or the workshop at fifteen will himself be thrust out, prematurely aged and enfeebled, by another generation of victims, long before he reaches old age. Our future depends on breaking this vicious circle, and we have an unexampled opportunity. If we simply declare that no child shall be employed for more than half-time between fourteen and eighteen, we halve the supply of child labor. The wages both of children and of adults will go up, and this will strengthen the working classes as a whole, while mitigating the hardships that might be inflicted on poor parents. Where hardships actually occur, pensions and maintenance allowances must be made. Meanwhile, no time so favorable to this change can be imagined as a time when all industry is passing through a revolution. If, on the other hand, we introduce some tinkering arrangements, we shall find it no easy matter when industry has made its readjustments to develop a larger system later. Let the nation lay down the conditions of the good life now, and let industry know exactly with

what conditions it has to comply. Let Mr. Fisher only act in the fine spirit of his peroration. Let him develop the noble ambitions of his eloquent speech on the Ideal University, and the democracy will give him the mandate that he would like.

This question is really a test of the sincerity of our temper towards reconstruction. On the one side, educationalists tell us that it is of infinite importance to continue education during these decisive years, while doctors tell us that if we provide proper physical training, outdoor games, camp life, we can bring up our boys and girls with something of the health and physique of our Australian soldiers. On the other side, we are told that industry cannot bear the burden we want to put upon it, and that the nation cannot afford to make this provision for its children. Let us suppose for a moment that the conflict was not between industrial necessity and the needs of society, but between industrial necessity and the needs of the Army. The War Office has been allowed to take the soldiers needed from every industry because our eyes are on the battlefield. After the war, our eyes, if we have any thought for our civilization, will be upon the future of our race. Is that a claim less peremptory or direct? If we recognize it, we shall see that the boys and girls of the working classes have half their time up to eighteen for education in the widest sense, and the local authorities, instead of being empowered to maintain playing fields, school baths, holiday school camps, will be compelled to make such provision on an ample and generous scale. And to those who say that the taxes cannot stand it, we shall reply that the nation is in danger.

REPORT ON THE PRIZE ESSAYS ON THE APPLICATION OF THE IDEA OF INTERNATIONAL RIGHT.

[The subject of the essays was "The Idea of Public Right as the governing idea of European politics . . . how can it be translated into concrete terms?"]

It may be of interest to the readers of THE NATION for the examiners in a Prize Competition, of which the final result was published last week, to attempt some summing-up of the impression made on them by the large number of treatises on the great question of the day which have passed through their hands. It may be said at once that the principal effect is to be found, not so much in the sense that any single writer has succeeded in furnishing a novel and satisfactory solution of the problem that is baffling the statesmanship of the world, as that by one writer or another the great proportion of the relevant ideas have been examined from almost every possible point of view, and that the result is accordingly to define the issue more narrowly, to indicate the points upon which all who approach the subject sympathetically tend to agree, and to distinguish those points on which difficulties are felt and which remain matters of controversy.

The essays have naturally represented very different points of view. The majority of the writers have accepted the necessity of the war under the particular circumstances in which Europe in general, and this country in particular, were placed in 1914. Some have accepted it with ardor, others with reluctance. A minority have adopted the pacifist attitude, and have treated the war as equally wrong for both sides. Differences on this point naturally color the opinions formed by the writers on the prospect and the conditions of permanent peace and the establishment of an international partnership. To the pacifist there is no solution but the final abjuration of force, not only by nations collectively, but by each nation for itself without regard to the actions of others. The pacifist, therefore, is inclined to regard the international future as depending for its progress on the voluntary acceptance by each nation of the peaceful settlement of disputes. Those who are not pacifists, whatever their shade of feeling towards the present war, lean towards some more concrete set of institutions in which the element of force will not be wholly excluded. But there is one point upon which all the more serious essays agree without, if we recollect rightly, a single exception; that is, the negation of the

policy suggested by the Paris Resolutions. The writers, one and all, either tacitly assume or strenuously contend that the maintenance of commercial relations, Free Trade, not in the sense necessarily of the abolition of tariffs, but in the sense of the repudiation of any economic boycott, is the necessary presupposition of any harmonious relations between the States of the future; and many point out that Free Trade in the full sense of the term is, if not absolutely essential, at least a most favorable factor in the settlement of national problems and the establishment of peaceful intercourse. Many writers remark, for example, that the problem of delimiting State boundaries, so complicated by questions of access to the sea, would be rendered comparatively simple if there were no question of the interference with the transit of goods. The continual tendency to return to this point in writer after writer who takes up the question, cannot fail to impress the reader with its fundamental importance.

But the question of free commercial intercourse only touches the conditions of an international settlement. When we come to construction, we naturally find the essays revolving round the conception of a League of Nations. Many essays have dealt with this proposal in a sympathetic and reasonable spirit. The fundamental difficulty of the League is the application of force, and on this issue we have found, as might be expected, a variety of views. The more pacifist writers have repudiated force altogether. At bottom it would seem that their hope for the future lies in an aspiration after a change of heart in men and nations—a very desirable event, but not one which it is easy to promote by any definite act of statesmanship. Some, however, have argued, not without force, that the mere provision of an adequate and permanent machinery for the peaceful settlement of disputes may engender the habit of mind for which they hope, and have laid stress upon the historical development of arbitration during the two generations preceding 1914.

The more constructive essays, on the other hand, contend that the use of force by a League of Nations against a single recalcitrant member is in idea and principle quite opposed to a war waged by nations, for which each is judge in its cause. It is analogous rather to the maintenance of order within an unruly State by a central power which has not yet firmly established itself, and which will do so only by the strong hand. Those who reach this point of view, however, find it difficult to make sure that the force would be available. Some essayists betray a tendency to glide over this weak spot too easily. The wiser, as we think, face it frankly; some admitting that it is a problem which can only be solved by experiment, some desiring that the element of force should be kept in the background, and relying a good deal on the alternative policy of the economic boycott, the efficacy of which is ably urged in some of the essays, though it is also recognized that it would be of very unequal incidence. It would have been extravagant to expect that any writer should suggest a solution of this problem which should be immune to criticism. To read successive attempts to deal with it is only to be the more impressed with the uncertainty of the issue, and yet at the same time with the conviction that the experiment is worth the making.

The different lines of approach followed by the essayists have an interest of their own, and have served to relieve the monotony of the examiners' task. Some have approached the question primarily from the historical point of view, reviewing past tendencies towards international action, dwelling on the history of the Holy Alliance, the development of the European Concert, the experiments in arbitration witnessed by the nineteenth century, and the establishment of the Hague Tribunal, a line of argument indicating that the independent national State is not the last word in political organization, but that there are germs of higher things which may perhaps be matured by the catastrophe which has seemed to destroy them. Other writers are more interested in the analysis of ideas. They have discussed nationality, sometimes with considerable insight into its practical difficulties. They have examined the notion of international right, and in

particular some writers have dealt with the Hegelian conception of the State. In this connection, it may be remarked that the quotations from Mr. Asquith's speeches set out as the text of the essays have served their purpose remarkably well. A clear-headed writer has always been able to frame a consequent and systematic argument upon the basis of Mr. Asquith's definitions. In this sense, the essays may be said to have served in a manner as a searching test of the logical cogency and coherence of Mr. Asquith's principles, and the way in which they stand the test is a tribute to the solidity and soundness of the terms in which the late Prime Minister defined the purposes of the Allies.

In conclusion, we would add a word as to the essays of the working men and women in Division III. A number of these essays attained a standard which might surprise some who are not acquainted with the work of the Workers' Educational Association. Under the influence of this and other educational agencies, numbers of men and women of the working class are now equipped with the training of a student, not only reading, but understanding how to read critically and to express their ideas on paper. Several of these essays, in our judgment, exhibit a firm grasp of the essentials of the problem, a competent knowledge of the historical facts bearing on the issue, and no small power of analyzing the conceptions required in its treatment. If the workman student is distinguished from others, it is perhaps by the tendency to a too easy acceptance of ideals. The hard matter-of-fact world in which he lives does not appear to make him so critical, not to say sceptical, when he comes to apply ideas to actuality, as the world of history or philosophy makes the professional student.

A. J. GRANT.
L. T. HOBHOUSE.
THE EDITOR.

A London Diary.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY.

MR. HENDERSON's defence was not brilliant, but it was the speech of an honest man. The House as a whole was cold, and the Tories, rallying to the Prime Minister, were angry and bitter. But those who could distinguish a truthful statement from a sophisticated one felt that right was on his side. And many were moved by the rancor of the George letter. What was the worst that could fairly be said against Mr. Henderson? That in a tangle of misunderstandings, he, too, had been misunderstood. If he changed his view about Stockholm, he did no more than the Prime Minister, who began by being an advocate of the idea, and ended as an enemy of it. But was this the case? He may have weakened under the hot pressure applied to him, but the fact that he offered to resign, and that the Cabinet did not accept his resignation, showed both that the breach with the anti-Stockholmites existed, and that Mr. George dared not advertize it. Why, indeed, should Mr. Henderson have changed? Because the Russian Government no longer wished the Conference to be held? I do not believe a word of it. The Government which traversed his case declined to allow him to produce the evidence on which it rested. The Foreign Office "formula," which summarized the telegrams from Kerensky, was a plea for the policy of holding the Conference, and for the attendance of the British delegation. What did the original document say? It was not likely to be weaker than the transcription of it. But the strength which lay behind Mr. Henderson's statement was a moral one. Men felt that he had been the victim of harshness and indignity in marked contrast to the personal relationships obtaining in the Asquith Cabinet. All through last week the Prime Minister's Press Bureau was loaded and fired against him. In public and in private, he was rated like a schoolboy. He gathered that he had been informally dismissed from one of Mr. George's organs (the "Times"), and first heard of the formal severance from another (the "Pall Mall Gazette"). He was kept waiting in an ante-room, while Lord Curzon and Lord Milner deliberated on his

fate in the Council Chamber. This is the new dispensation. This is the way Labor is taught its place in the management of policy and the hierarchy of government.

BUT the substance of this proceeding was worse even than its form. The Labor Conference now knows that its debates were a farce, and that the Government was all along prepared to clap a muzzle on its delegates. Labor must suffer everything, and do nothing. The moment it approaches policy, the hierophants mutter their ancient incantations, and wave it off. Capitalists may meet and discuss their notion of a peace in some sequestered corner of Switzerland. Lord Newton and his company may meet German plenipotentiaries face to face, and come to a firm arrangement with them. But that peace is any concern of the people whom the war is cutting to the bone is a notion which Mr. George can by no means tolerate. I do not observe that he himself possesses any specific for bringing the war to an end, save that of crushing Germany with his mouth. Nevertheless, there must be no competing remedies. The Old Diplomacy holds the field, and while millions die or prepare for death, a bar is set upon all consultations, approaches, exchanges of view, statements of opinion from any source but these "stuttering" Governments. The Pope suggests a peace which would yield us nearly all the emancipating issues to which we were pledged, and the war-for-ever-and-ever-party tosses it away with a sneer and a cry, "Pro-German!" Labor is forbidden to speak to Labor, even when the parley is in the charge of one of the best friends we have on the Continent. Mr. George is all for "democratizing" Germany. But he takes care to hold the fort against the democracy in these islands.

BUT what was Mr. Henderson's crime? Why the envenomed Press assault and the George letter? And why, if this is what the Prime Minister thought of him, did he not accept his offer of resignation when it was tendered to the War Cabinet after their attempt to veto the visit to Paris? The meaning is plain enough. The Government hoped to use Mr. Henderson as their catspaw in the Labor Conference, and thus to save themselves the odium of turning its policy down. When these arts failed, every means was taken to destroy him. The practice and the agent were the same as were used to wreck Mr. Asquith's Premiership. The "Times" was thus primed in the inner history of the Cabinet with the special animus against what was supposed to be the party of moderation. On Saturday it was set in motion against the Minister who had dared to suggest conciliation by way of Conference. Well, I hope Mr. George is satisfied with his work. The result of the last of his "purges" is to leave only Tory Imperialism in power. The cheers of this section on Monday acclaimed their triumph.

BUT they also sounded his own fall. Henceforth he is their man, and little more. In losing Labor, and denying it a voice in the settlement, he endangers the Russian relationship, and exposes the country (as the Kerensky telegram plainly suggests) to the will of a Russo-German confrontation at Stockholm. A cloud of rhetoric conceals the unsteadiness of his course, and the perils which environ it. But its more superficial defects are of Mr. George's own choosing. If he will conduct affairs by a series of what the Americans call "shirt-tail interviews," he must expect to see policy miscarry, and to reap a recurring crop of scandals, misunderstandings, recriminations, and resignations. Look at the conduct of the Henderson affair. Mr. Henderson offers to resign. There is no Prime Minister to receive his resignation. The Prime Minister is "under the impression" that Mr. Henderson is of one mind. It turns out that he is of another. Mr. George sends a message to the Labor Conference. It arrives too late to serve its main purpose. A member of the "War Cabinet" finds its doors closed to him and opened to his *locum tenens*. No wonder that Mr. George's table is littered with the resignations of colleagues and officials, that the old amenities disappear, that government becomes a matter of Cabinets and

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Under-Cabinets, Secretariats and sub-Secretariats, and a general rigging of the Press. Men ask—Whose turn will come now? At whose door will the *delator* stand, and against whom will the next order of execution be sent out?

I SEE little point in the travesty of Russian policy which the Government substitute for a clear and candid presentment of it. The Russian Government is *not* changed. If anything, the new Cabinet is more Socialist than its predecessor, for the four adherents from the party of the Cadets represent the Radical wing, and Kerensky himself remains, as he always will, a member of the Socialist Revolutionary Party. Nor is their attitude to Stockholm affected. The Conference was never a Ministerial proposal, and Kerensky's message, of which Mr. George makes so much (if indeed it was his message), merely reaffirms his formal "disinterestedness" from it, made in response to obvious pressure from our Government, and his entire willingness to let it sit. If Mr. George wants to know his real interest in Stockholm, let him ask for that, too, and he will get it. Russia does not want to go to Stockholm for the fun of it. She wants to go because she wants an early peace. Cannot we realize this simple truth? Or must we go on with our make-believe, our continual manufacture of misleading phrases and non-existing situations?

I THOUGHT the Labor Conference admirable. It was not at all in the hands of extremists. Its prevailing note, as of every Trade Union Congress I have attended, was that of moderation, and that was best expressed in the speeches of the mover and the seconder of the resolution. Mr. Thomas's oratory was more brilliant, and Mr. MacDonald's more moving. But in these earlier and simpler efforts lay the heart of the meeting. As I listened to them, I thought, Why are not these men, or men like them, in charge of our policy? If they were, how safe would be their country's interests, how assured the real and important issues of the war! What was not so admirable was the spectacle of two Ministers conducting a vigorous platform assault on a third, himself a member of the "War Cabinet." Mr. Henderson himself hardly answered to Mr. George's picture of him as the seducer of the Conference. My own impression was that he had little to do with its decision to go to Stockholm. His speech was so balanced that many listeners read into it a hostile, or at least a doubting, verdict. The Conference's mind was its own, and its intervention was an instinct of statesmanship as true as it was practical.

LORD MORLEY's memoirs are, I imagine, the work of his retirement, pursued with his wonderful zeal and method in workmanship. I only hope that they will not be *too* discreet; and that some veils will be lifted that have too long over-hung our politics. I suppose few lives of public men have had more interesting periods. There was the great period of revolting Radicalism, the period of the "Saturday" and the "Fortnightly" Reviews. There was the earlier period of preparation for Home Rule. There was the crowning association with Gladstone. And there was the revival of Liberal officialism under "C.B." and Asquith. The private friendships of this time covered the most famous of the personalities and coteries of Liberal and Republican and literary Europe, beginning with Hugo and Mill. But they can disclose no figure of a charm surpassing their author's.

Is this country so deeply attached to the policy of *guerre à outrance*? I doubt it. The other day I asked a commercial friend of mine to make a rough canvass of the views of the people he met in his day's work, choosing them impartially, and adding no color or suggestion of his own. His special inquiry was whether they favored a reply to the resolution of the Reichstag. In all about fifty people were interrogated, casually and not formally. Thirty-four gave a favorable reply; twenty-two were hostile. The "antis" largely based themselves on Germany's bad conduct of the war.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

CONSCIENCE AND COMMON-SENSE.

PROFESSOR MURRAY remarks that "all Conscientious Objectors known to history have been exasperating." The generalization is illuminating, and it explains much of what has befallen the young men who resist military service, as it explains the sufferings of the early Christians and the early Quakers. The case of the Quakers is perhaps a little more complicated than Professor Murray admits. The abominable cruelties which they endured were sometimes provoked by eccentricities rather more aggravating than their refusal to "take off their hats in court" because they thought this courtesy an act of idolatry. Their methods in those early days of Charles II. were occasionally more aggressive than that. Some of them used to force their way into the "steeple-houses," as they nicknamed the churches, in order to disturb the service and denounce the priests. None the less we think Professor Murray is historically right in his assumption that it was their insistence on such harmless punctilios as the refusal to uncover or take an oath, which actually brought most of their sufferings upon them. It is certainly true that in the tolerant Roman Empire the early Christians might have enjoyed "complete freedom on condition of performing a slight act of courtesy to the Emperor's statue." To the plain man the refusal of acts of conformity which seem so trivial as these is undoubtedly exasperating, and his annoyance drives him promptly to persecution. The mental attitude is rather singular. The persecutor will readily accuse the Nonconformist of childishness because he attaches such unmeasured importance to a detail, but he fails to perceive that if it is childish in the Nonconformist to object, it is no less childish in the State to insist. Beneath this surface struggle over raising hats or saluting statues, there really is a broader ground for the indignation of the plain man. He dislikes and distrusts any form of individualism in morals. He thinks Hegelianism without knowing it. He believes that morality consists in accepting one's station and fulfilling its duties. It means for him the attainment of some average level of goodness, and he instinctively dislikes those who follow any standard which they deem to be higher, or who question the accepted code. The unlucky objector may be himself the most modest of men. That saves him no more than the inculcated humility of the early Christian. He may feel that his own intense insight into the evil of war and force and anger, so far from being an exalted form of virtue arising from himself, is rather a command, a revelation, or a doctrine imposed on him as a painful burden. This insight into a perplexed and controversial region of morals is apt to be for him who has it as painful as Cassandra's gift. For most of these young men it would be infinitely the easier and more natural course to do as others do, and to lose themselves in the comradeship of a regiment. All this is hidden from the plain man, who thinks only that the Nonconformist is pretending to some superior virtue, and professing to be wiser than his legitimate teachers. That diagnosis is often wrong, and it is peculiarly unjust when the objector, so far from doing anything eccentric, is faithfully observing the age-long tradition of the Quaker society in which he was born. The mistake persists by mere stupidity, and it explains much of the unpopularity of the Conscientious Objectors.

When these persecutions began, there could be alleged for them a reason more solid than prejudice or exasperation. An administrator or a soldier, without being abnormally callous or intolerant, might very well be perplexed by the obvious difficulty that a door of exemption opened wide for the genuine objector, would serve the turn of the shirker as well. That was never, to our thinking, a good excuse. Most shirkers know devices as safe as this and more profitable. Few shirkers care to incur the social odium that falls on the pacifist. If some cowards should escape by masquerading

as pacifists, the Army would have lost nothing of value. Moreover, it is the very spirit of injustice to punish a good man for the offence which a mean man may commit. These arguments did not weigh with those who conducted the recruiting machine. The authorities acted on the maxim that the road of the Conscientious Objector must be made excessively hard, lest perchance any who lacked genuine faith might be tempted to tread it. The maxim has led them into strange inversions of policy. The more logical, the more unbending, the more enduring a man is, the less is his conscience respected. At one end of the scale come the young men who felt a scruple about killing with their own hands, while they had no objection to making roads in France, or handling transport which enable others to kill. That is not a form of conscience which we profess to understand, but it happens to be a form convenient to the military machine, and those who could so far accommodate themselves to war are leading a relatively comfortable life in Labor Battalions. Those who are willing to do non-military "work of national importance" under the direction of a Government department hold an intermediate position, invidious, unenviable, and morally uncomfortable. Most of them wished sincerely to do useful work, provided it did not directly aid war, and their chief grievance is that real and productive work suitable to their acquired skill in trades or professions is rarely allowed them. It is on the last category of the rigid, uncompromising, absolutely logical consciences that the rigor of this persecution falls. These are the men who have proved at once their sincerity and their obstinacy. They have faced the unmitigated hardships of the severest forms of imprisonment—hard labor and the "third division." Some of them have gone through a preliminary physical bullying in camps or barracks. Some of them have been sentenced to be shot, though mercy in the end took the doubtful form of field punishment and penal servitude. Most of them have served not one term only, but two or three successive imprisonments for the same offence. No one can doubt their honesty. No one supposes that they can be broken. These clearly are the exceptional cases for which the law provided the remedy of absolute exemption. About four hundred men have obtained that relief, because they happened to come before a tolerant tribunal. There are in prison between 800 and 1,000 men whose endurance has proved their title to the full remedy which the Act allows.

What type of men these are, and what records lie behind them, the reader may discover by consulting the little book which Mrs. Henry Hobhouse has edited ("I Appeal unto Caesar." George Allen & Unwin). Herself the mother of sons daily risking their lives in France, and also of a son "undergoing a disgraceful sentence in a felon's cell," she has written of the problem with peculiar knowledge and sympathy, though she does not herself profess the pacifist creed. The introduction by Professor Murray, from which we have quoted, is by far the most persuasive plea for tolerance that we have read, and it comes from a man who is an unflinching supporter of the war. The brief notes by Lord Selborne, Lord Parmoor, Lord Hugh Cecil, and Lord Henry Bentinck, add their weight from the Conservative side to this plea for tolerance. The best argument of all is, however, the collection of short biographies which show how these men were employed before their imprisonment. Nearly all of them were engaged in active productive work, much of which any tribunal would consider of national importance. Nearly all of them were doing, in addition, good voluntary social work. If they were released to-morrow they would go back to that work. They are being punished because they will not do other civilian work of very doubtful "importance" at the bidding of a State engaged in war. That is, if you will, their punctilio. It is the parallel to the Quaker who would not uncover, or the Christian who would not salute the Emperor's statue. So be it. We will not pause to explain its perfectly rational, if impractical, logic. The point as we see it is that these many are ready to go back to their useful trades and professions, ready, too, to resume their unpaid social and philanthropic work. The State prefers to keep them picking oakum, in con-

ditions of the utmost degradation and hardships, on the assumption that there is in their attitude something comparable to crime. It is a grotesquely untenable position, and with the completion of the mechanism of conscription, the one bad but intelligible reason for prolonging it has vanished. There are no longer any "shirkers" to be deterred by their unenviable fate. For our part, we appeal for the immediate and unconditional release of all who have proved in prison the sincerity of their extreme position, even more for the sake of free England than for theirs. We respect the moral courage of these men. We believe that most of them are good citizens, and their scruple itself springs from their love for mankind. It is painful that they should suffer this unmerited degradation, but it is still more painful that our country should sully its traditions by this persecution.

THE BRAZEN THROAT.

SINCE the Home Rule split, the "Revolution" had been a neutral club—so neutral that no one cared what politics a member held, provided the cooking of its cutlets remained unrivalled in all countries of the world, whether Allied or hostile.

Soon after Narcissus abandoned the bar for statesmanship, and entered the Garden Fair as one of its choicest denizens, he had joined the club, partly in search of a neutrality suitable to officials, partly as feeling at home among its marble columns and vast halls. He loved there to lay aside the cares of state, and discuss architecture or French poetry with some fastidiously selected acquaintance, oblivious of the Empire during the fleeting hours which were all he felt entitled to spend upon lunch and tea. Soothed by such discussions, he returned with mind unruffled and harmoniously attuned to the control of our country's destiny.

But to-day his Chief had imposed upon him a task of overtime, which he would have resented had he not often mentally emulated that Aristippus whom every situation and hue and fortune so well became. For one morning the Chief had come into the garden, some while after the black bat night had flown, and had said, with an expression of regretful pain, "I don't like the tone of the 'Morning Mew,' Narcissus. It is almost criticizing me. Something will have to be done. I had the fellow to breakfast, and that kept him straight for a time. But the effect seems to be wearing off. Here he is to-day half-hinting I'm like somebody called Cleon, whom he says hounded his city to ruin by always baying against peace. That sort of thing can't be permitted. I shall have to turn on some War Office chap to stop his foreign circulation, unless we can bring him to reason. How would it be if you asked him to lunch at the 'Revolution,' did him well, and talked him round a bit? You know how I hate any form of compulsion, or, indeed, the least infringement of liberty."

So Narcissus had invited Mr. Percival, the editor of the paper which its numerous enemies called "The Morning Mew," and had told his colleague, Geranium, to come along as well. For Geranium, blushing when he blundered, and blundering often, served as a pretty foil to his own imperturbable self-assurance. Besides, it would be bad form to overwhelm a guest—a mere journalist!—with a plethora of brains.

Mr. Percival was a man whose indignation at wrongdoing was tempered by a natural sensibility. In him the elements of courage were strangely commingled with a nervous politeness, always holding his courage in check. His signed writings often went to greater lengths of daring than his paper, but he was at his bravest over the telephone. In personal conversation, he dreaded his own rage, and the fear of discourteous explosion usually kept him reserved or silent. For if the blood rushed boiling to his brain, there was no knowing what might happen, and looking back upon such outbursts, he would call himself a *mouton enragé*, and feel humiliated, until he burst out again.

During lunch, Narcissus studiously kept the con-

versation to such indifferent subjects as the weather and the Russian situation; for he was as careful of a guest's digestion as of his own. But when they settled down to coffee and cigars in the religious dimness of the gallery which ran round the marble hall, he felt that the opportunity for toilsome national service had arrived.

"Well, Percival," he said, sinking back into his deep armchair, "what did you think of Asquith's speech?"

"Well," replied the editor, cautiously, "it seemed to me wise and conciliatory as usual. But I sometimes wish he would drop that unsheathed sword."

"What a clatter it would make!" said Geranium; but the remark passed unnoticed, and he blushed unseen.

"Looking forward," Narcissus observed, his calm eyes fixed on futurity, "I see a marble statue of Asquith in a frock coat, one hand grasping a sword, the other a sheath, the two implements destined never to meet. You know what British symbolism is capable of."

"And opposite him will be a statue of a boxer stripped to the waist, in the act of delivering a knock-out blow," said Geranium, anxious to retrieve his position.

But Narcissus stared through him as though he did not exist, and continued, "No one detests catchwords more than I. They are the infallible sign of a second-hand intelligence. But do you never repeat yourself?"

"On the contrary," Percival answered, with his habitual modesty, "I do little else but repeat myself. Repetition is the inevitable curse of journalism. I tell every novice among my leader writers that, even in the same leader, he should try to say the same thing three times."

"What I tell you three times is true," Geranium murmured to himself.

"One has to hammer away at the public's head before one can make an impression," Percival added.

"I'm afraid that's true," Narcissus sighed; "there may be still some ancient and agricultural home of peace which the unsheathed sword has not touched. It is a deplorable reflection!"

"The knock-out blow and the mocking stutter get there quicker," cried Geranium, determined to be heard.

"Yes," replied Narcissus, with judicial aloofness, "in dealing with the banausic classes, it may at times be advisable to assume a vulgarity, though you have it not. I suppose, even you, Percival, find it necessary now and then to give the public what it will understand?"

The rapid, sidelong glance flustered the editor a little, for of all things he hated the popular notion that his paper was the organ of cranks and superior persons. But recovering himself, he said, "Every editor, of course, is compelled to take account of the man in the street." ("That leaden mediocrity!" Narcissus groaned.) "But what I object to is the use of catchwords deliberately deceitful: 'Peace Chat,' 'Peace Prattle,' 'Peace Trap'—all that sort of thing. Why, only in to-day's 'Times,' the dear old Pope is suspected as a German agent because, as Vicar of Christ, he thinks a blessing may rest upon a peacemaker; and the phrase, 'no annexations and no indemnities,' is described as 'a German cry.' I call that sort of thing deliberate perversion."

"I am far from defending either vulgarity or perversion," Narcissus pleaded, with a weary sigh which deprecated boredom. "But men of some distinction have advocated an economy of truth in laying vital doctrine before the dull and depressing crowd. In working upon the natural ovism of the populace, you must allow for the indistinguishable monotony of their intelligence. To keep the tiny spark of their inspiration alight—especially in the midst of considerable domestic discomfort, to which, I understand, the lower-middle classes are now exposed—the repetition of our recognized war-cries can hardly be too frequent."

"That inspiration seems to be happily effective still," Geranium observed, "judging from the healthy violence which suppresses the wretched minority. Not that I enjoy violence personally, but a minority must take its risk."

"So this poor old country is to be governed by incitements to violence, suppression of liberties, and perverted

war-cries, known by those who yell them to be insincere. The voice of brass wins. The loudest screamer catches the applause."

In the pause which ensued, Mr. Percival felt he must call upon his reserve of self-restraint.

"I suppose," Narcissus after a few seconds icily remarked, "that is the sort of idea you had in mind when you compared our Chief to Cleon. You must allow me to call it an erroneous idea; though there is something to be said for Cleon, especially if one were a professed democrat like you. At all events, he sprung from the working classes, and went to the elementary school, and worked at some rather inferior occupation, and that's the sort of thing you like. There, it seems to me, the parallel ends."

"Historic parallels are an alluring folly," Geranium put in; "so a journal, best unnamed, informed us last week."

"Perhaps I went too far," Mr. Percival admitted, as timidity came crawling over him again; "I remember, as you hardly can, what hopes we democrats set upon your Chief when first he emerged. Such courage he showed, such eloquence to charm the greatest audience, such adroitness in debate, so that Chamberlain, it was said, feared him alone! Is it nothing to us that we see him now enchained to the triumphal car of his former bitterest foes, while they pretend he drives it; aiding them to extinguish freedom day by day; wriggling this way and that to free himself, in vain; laying us all under the insufferable yoke of innumerable and irresponsible bureaucrats? I'm sorry; I suppose I ought not to have said that. You look so young and pleasant that one forgets."

"Oh, we bureaucrats are safe enough," said Geranium. "As I came along I saw hefty laborers laying out the cement foundations for another big hut behind the Horse Guards."

"Please go on," Narcissus said to Mr. Percival. "There is really nothing the Chief so much enjoys as frankness of criticism. Besides, he always speaks with such admiration and respect of your judgment."

"I suppose," said Mr. Percival, "I thought of Cleon because there was one moment when peace might have been concluded for Athens and the whole of Greece, but Cleon howled and yelled against the peacemongers; and so the war dragged on another twenty years, bringing disaster on disaster till the city's fleet was destroyed, and her enemy marched through her sacred walls, and all Greece was so enfeebled that semi-barbarians saw their chance and took it. Not, of course, that your Chief howls and yells," Mr. Percival added hurriedly, "but that is the manner of expression among those who call themselves his supporters, and to whom he is enchained. His mind is wakeful enough to watch for the dawning future of Europe and the world, but he is bound to those who see no further than the imagined interests of the next few hours of darkness. And so the country goes stumbling on through the blood of the young, and the devastation of human joy."

"I wish you had a larger meeting to listen to you," said Narcissus, with almost imperceptible sneer.

"Besides," said Geranium, "I'm not at all sure that the Chief is not still infected with what you call democracy."

"You remember the celebrated chameleon," said Mr. Percival, rising; "someone, wanting to show him off, put him on green, and he turned green; put him on purple, and he turned purple; put him on red, and he turned red; put him on a Highland tartan, and the wretched creature burst. But you may put your Chief on the green of the 'Westminster,' the purple of the 'Observer,' and the red of the 'Herald,' all mixed up together, and somehow he escapes that chameleon's fate."

"Mr. Percival is lost in admiration of your versatility," said Narcissus to the Chief himself, who happened to pass by at that moment, in a casual manner.

"Any appreciation from such an editor is welcome," said the Chief, holding out his hand.

But, embarrassed as usual by conflicting emotions, Mr. Percival said nothing, and the Imperialist votary passed on, apparently fancy-free.

Present-Day Problems.

SINN FÉIN AND THE IRISH CONVENTION.

"THE rise of Sinn Féin has queered the pitch for the Irish Convention." That is the general opinion put in moderate language. "The East Clare election has killed the Convention." That is the commoner way of expressing the opinion. It seems well founded. If it were doubtful whether Irishmen could reach an agreement over a very mild Home Rule Act, it seems ridiculous to attempt negotiations when a party, apparently the strongest in the country, demands an independent Irish Republic, refuses to enter the Convention, and appeals over the heads of Ireland and England alike to a European Peace Congress. It is almost demonstrable that Sinn Féin has destroyed the chances of the Convention. Yet in Ireland certainly, perhaps elsewhere too, things which can be logically proved do not always correspond with facts. It may very well turn out that the sensational victories of Sinn Féin have given the Convention its chance.

If there were no Sinn Féin, if Ireland had not been roused from the condition of cynical apathy into which she had slipped, the Convention would almost inevitably have resulted in nothing better than a political wrangle of the usual kind. Party would have faced party, and the game would have been played as it has been played any time during the last twenty-five years, with bluffing, whittling down, compromising, and bargaining. The result would have been the existing Home Rule Act, with modifications and a contracting-out clause, a fierce final dispute settling, or failing to settle, the fate of a couple of parishes in Co. Tyrone. Ireland would have first grinned, then cursed, finally settled down to agitate again.

From this Sinn Féin has saved us. With a gathering cloud of revolution well over the horizon, no sane man will play politics. The most devoted servants of "party" must realize that they have got to face facts. That, to start with, is a clear advantage.

Ulster was the original difficulty. No doubt a good deal of pressure has been brought to bear upon Ulster by the highly-placed Englishmen who once supported her defiance. As a consequence, the big drum is not now so vigorously beaten as it used to be by the Ulster political leaders. But it is certain that Ulster is no more willing to accept the Home Rule Act, however modified, than ever she was. The old objections hold good. Rightly or wrongly, Ulster believes that the United Irish League and the Ancient Order of Hibernians would govern Ireland under the Home Rule Act. To such government Ulster will not submit, holding that it would certainly be both corrupt and under the control of the Roman Catholic Church. But the rise of Sinn Féin has altered the situation. Sinn Féin may be politically mad, a fanaticism of patriots, but it is transparently honest, and Sinn Féin has successfully ignored, if not defied, a solemn pronouncement of the whole hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church. It is indeed anti-British, though perhaps not pro-German, and there the Ulster Unionist, and every other Unionist, stands in definite opposition to it. But is it any more anti-British than Mr. Dillon is? There does not seem much difference between his attitude towards recruiting and Mr. de Valera's. And there are, even from the point of view of Irish Unionism, worse things than disloyalty. Corruption is worse. So is political ecclesiasticism. On the whole, if the choice lay between the two, Ulster would probably prefer an independent Irish Republic, with Sinn Féin in power, to a Home Rule Ireland run by the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

Is there any chance of the Convention agreeing on a policy which would command the support of Sinn Féin? It will not, I suppose cannot, advise the establishment of an Irish Republic. It might recommend that Ireland be given the position of a self-governing colony, have a constitution like that of Canada. This would come very near the original Sinn Féin demand. It would satisfy the spirit aroused by the publication of Mr. Arthur Griffith's "Resurrection of Hungary." I do not know that Sinn Féin has ever formally claimed more than a

constitution like Grattan's. It is probable that even now, in spite of all the talk about Republicanism and the Peace Congress, Sinn Féin would support the Convention enthusiastically if the Convention agreed on such a policy.

As to Ulster—it is at least possible that Ulster would consent to try so great an experiment. It is certain that she will not agree to the Home Rule Act, though it were watered down to the specific gravity of war beer. Ulster's position as a Quebec to Ireland's Canada would be preferable to what it would be were she the victim of a Board of Patronage and Local Administration nominated by the Ancient Order of Hibernians; and that is what she believes an Irish Home Rule Parliament would be. The strength of Sinn Féin is a certain security against the possibility of a religious ascendancy, and the unquestioned honesty of the party gives some hope of clean government. It might be fairly expected that an imperial loyalty would develop, as in fact it has developed in Canada, and is developing in South Africa.

Mr. Erskine Childers, at the beginning of the latest phase of the Home Rule struggle, published a reasoned argument in favor of colonial self-government for Ireland. His book was ignored for "political" reasons. We have now got beyond the stage when "political" reasons are of force. Easter Week last year taught us at least this, that our business, the immediate business of the Convention, is not to dodge facts, but to face them. We have either got to discover a constitution for Ireland which Sinn Féin will support and Ulster consent to, or we have got to try a Unionism complete and logical in which Ireland will be as England is, equally governed under exactly the same laws. He would be an optimist indeed who felt confident about peace, order, and prosperity as a result of either experiment; but we have little other choice. We cannot go on as we are going, with no sane system of government, neither ruling ourselves nor being ruled by others, without a discernible principle in the management of our affairs except the pitiful expediency of politicians—"For God's sake, leave Ireland out of that, or else there'll be a row somewhere."

"GEORGE BIRMINGHAM."

Letters to the Editor.

SQUARING THE IRISH CIRCLE.

SIR,—The first move of the Convention in Dublin was unexpectedly wise. Had any effort been made by the general body to select its own chairman, the assembly would not have survived for a day. The second move has also been tactful. The appointment of a committee on procedure might perhaps have drawn attention to the fact that the framing of a new constitution involves a great deal more than devising a new scheme of legislative assembly. Irish politicians have insisted for the past thirty years that it was treacherous for any person in Ireland to develop ideas for himself, or to study the political or economic problems of the country outside of the columns of the party Press. The party Press, on one side, proclaimed that the institution of a legislature, in accordance with the party view, would of itself cure every evil and produce every benefit affecting the nation; on the other hand, the people were assured that if they would cease to think of change and become content with the system of government by strangers, the soil would become more fertile, the climate drier, and everyone in Ireland would be able to live in prosperous idleness.

It is, therefore, not surprising that in a community so sterilized of all public intelligence there was a strong suspicion that the Convention had broken up when the committee on procedure required time for its deliberations. In the public mind, and in the opinion of many of our "representatives," procedure should have been very simple. Let each faction submit its patent legislature to a vote. That would be getting down to business. There might be some talking allowed, but not much. It would be unwise to forbid all discussion. I am not sure that the Grand Committee will not find itself hustled into this procedure. Its terms of reference are not very definite, but their obvious translation is a direction to consider and report upon schemes of Parliamentary Institutions, and to submit to the Convention the argument of the questions in issue upon the report. If this is done, there is an end of the Convention. Its members cannot agree on any good proposition, because, like Sydney Smith's washerwomen, they will be arguing from different premises. The intellectual and independent element in the assembly is small, and the seventy

party politicians must vote as machines if the Irish question comes up in its familiar stalemated form.

The only way to avoid this is to define the two other elements of the constitution before debating about its Parliament, and thus standardize the value of the phrases that have become unmeaning in years of ineffective controversy. There will be difficulty enough in devising a good Parliament and a good Parliamentary system, but no legislature can be of the smallest service to Ireland unless it is provided at the outset with clean, competent, and effective machinery for carrying out its decrees. Indeed, the country suffers very little from bad laws compared to its sufferings from its infamous system of administration. This is what is at the bottom of honest difference of opinion about Ireland. The Nationalist declares that legislative independence would be a blessing; the Unionist that it would be a curse. They are not contradicting one another as they appear to be. The Nationalist is right if legislative independence is accompanied by a strong, fair, and trustworthy administration of law, and a clean and efficient civil service. The Anti-Nationalist is right, if legislative independence is to be accompanied by a continuance of the present system of public jobbery. If the Convention deals with the question of legislature first, it will break up leaving nothing accomplished. Let it devise for Ireland, first, a system of legal administration that will command respect by deserving it; next, a Civil Service protected from the plunder of politicians, and it will have cleared away the greatest obstacles that have heretofore prevented all reasonable efforts for common understanding.

It is unfortunate that the professions that are daily engaged in legal administration have been excluded from representation at the Convention. Their members from the system of professional life in Ireland live upon terms of intimate personal intercourse with political opponents, and from their training necessarily appreciate what is valid in an adversary's view. More than this, there is brought home to them, as to no others, how much of the evil of injustice that oppresses men arises, not from defect in the law, but by extraneous vice in its machinery, and they learn in the most practical of schools that the freedom of a people depends upon the reverence that the administration of justice commands amongst them. It might not occur to our local statesmen that to discuss the subject of legislature without regard to method of rendering its laws operative is to embark once more upon the project of the Tower of Babel. A nation's law is not what its senate writes, but what its courts enforce. The measure of personal freedom and the value of "safeguards" for minorities cannot be judged by clauses, or by jingling phrases in a statute. Men and minorities possess, in fact, such rights as are readily and effectively enforceable by public tribunals commanding public respect. If the tribunals are so distrusted as to repel the aggrieved, if they are slow beyond endurance or expensive beyond resource, the oppressed have no rights. No legislature can ensure liberties against a machine that makes and dominates the bench, and so long as that machine is controlled by a political party for political purposes its opponents can enjoy no "safeguards." The foundation of our present misfortunes in Ireland lies in the fact that the intrigues of all parties—Nationalists, Liberals, and Orangemen—have so discredited the system of legal administration that no faction dare entrust it to a Parliament dominated by any other faction.

There is no need to labor the question of administrative reform in the Irish Civil Service. So much sand has been poured into the bearings of the machine by our unscrupulous politicians that it is cumbrous, expensive, and ineffective. It has lasted so long only because in its multiplicity of useless salaried offices there has been found a convenient almshouse for party cripples. Two members of the Convention have borne an honorable part in calling attention to the chaotic state of the innumerable Irish departments, and a little thought will convince them that, if an Irish Legislature is to have a fair chance, it should not be faced at the outset with a worthless wreckage of administration to carry out its decrees. If the minority in the Convention could be assured that safeguards would not be scraps of paper, and legislation would not be lost in jobbery, they would still have doubts about Home Rule, but their fears would have vanished. They would still have to be met in devising (for a term of years at least) qualifications for legislators, qualification of electors, plural voting in respect of property, direct representation of learning, trade, and commerce, proportional representation in large constituencies, educational enfranchisement—all these matters in which, for a time, concession must be made to caution and to prejudice.

When these matters have been settled, and not before, will the question of an Irish Parliament be ripe for discussion—and it will then be recognized that if there is to be a Parliament at all it must be indivisible and free. If reason were to guide the Convention, there seems to be open a path of least resistance leading to an ideal. The danger lies in the presence of seventy members of two parties that lie under sentence of death. The silent, sensible men that have carried on the national movement for the past thirty years, seem to have come to the conclusion that the only hope for Ireland is to smash the Irish Party and the Hibernian machine. For this purpose

they will vote even for a homicide. Such is the reward of seeking to make friends and servants of secrecy and violence. The Party is doomed, and its efforts to save itself only postpone the organization of the constitutional forces. The Orangemen still hold sway in their own small territory, and still rejoice in the Government recognition that they are a privileged ascendancy, but their fanaticism cannot altogether blind them to the fact that when the war is over the day of privileged ascendancy will have closed for ever, and their English patrons will have to jettison "Ulster" to secure a remnant of their own political preserves.

In these desperate straits there must be an overwhelming temptation for the two machines to seek in the Convention a new lease of life by combining in a scheme whereby each may secure an authority which democracy denies. Suspicion of this has, unfortunately, kept out of the Convention some whose presence would have made such scheme impossible. In their absence, such a thing might be done. It would mean a nation in flames.—Yours, &c.,

A. M. SULLIVAN.

Derry, Rosscarbery. August 13th, 1917.

THE WAR AND THE OPEN DOOR.

SIR,—According to Mr. Bonar Law, the Paris Resolutions still hold the field. According to Dr. Michaelis, Germany is fighting for "freedom of economic development." There can be little doubt that the leaders of German commerce, industry, and shipping are deeply concerned as to their economic future. So no wonder the war goes on.

May I make a suggestion, not so far-fetched as it may look, but, I am afraid, too simple and straightforward for statesmen to adopt?

Let the *Entente* and America say to Germany: "Make an end of this war upon reasonable terms. Restore France, Belgium, and Serbia. Enter the League of Nations, and we will give you access to our ports, and freedom in all our markets to sell and to buy."

"But if you still elect to carry on the war, then remember this—that however peace eventually comes, we shall not tinker with Paris Resolutions, or 10 per cent. tariffs, or any tariffs that you can get over. We shall, *as we can*, keep you from buying or selling in Asia, Africa, and America. Your ships shall not call at our ports. Not a pound of cotton, not an ounce of rubber, not a palm-nut shall you have for your producing industries, and your manufactured articles, if you have any, will need to be consumed by yourselves."

The second alternative would be a costly business for us to carry out, but not so costly as to carry on the war. It would be opposed to all the principles of peace. It would be no permanent solution, and could not last; but if Germany realized that our statesmen meant both alternatives honestly, there should be little doubt which she would choose.

This line of thought has been elaborated by Mr. H. N. Brailsford, in the "Herald," of August 11th, and by Mr. Norman Angell, in the "New Republic," of July 21st.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN R. TOMLINSON.

Rye-field, Knutsford. August 13th, 1917.

PEACE BY CONFERENCE.

SIR,—Surely one of the most perplexing of the anomalies of the present situation is that the demands for negotiations with a view to peace are entirely connected, as far as I can make out, with so-called Pacifists. Why should the effort to attempt a solution by Conference not be also associated with those humane persons who do not, in the last resort, object to defending a just cause by force of arms? I cannot conceive why a bloodless solution should necessarily be regarded as cowardly.

History provides us with a striking example of a case in which one, whom nobody could accuse of being a Pacifist in the modern sense, firmly believed that he could obtain satisfactory conditions if only his enemy would consent to meet him face to face. Julius Caesar, time after time, implored Pompey to meet him in order that they might settle their differences without further bloodshed, as from a distance "the same results are not gained as would be secured if they were to discuss all the conditions face to face."

Pompey refused. Caesar thereupon continued his military operations; but, meanwhile, "did not think that negotiations for peace ought to be dropped . . . and though his frequent attempts at an understanding were hindering energetic action, yet, on all accounts, he thought it right to persevere therein." (Trans., Loeb Classical Library. "The Civil Wars," pp. 39 and 41.) We all know what the final outcome was. Caesar became the first Emperor of Rome. His victory in the end was final and complete.

Surely it is maligning our brave armies to suppose that they could not conduct the war as victoriously as they are at present after all attempts on our part to reach a less costly settlement had been frustrated by the enemy!

Can it be possible that, in this struggle of the "free peoples" of the world to overthrow the monster of militarism

as a means to an end, we and our gallant Allies have only succeeded in planting upon our own shoulders the still more frightful incubus of militarism as an end in itself!

Heaven forbid!—Yours, &c.,

ELSIE F. BUCKLEY.

44, Clanricarde Gardens, W. 2. August 12th, 1917.

THE NEW SEPARATION BILL.

SIR,—As the draughtsman says, this Bill is now being discussed in many quarters. The Bill which he drew in 1908 was bound to fail, because it covered too wide an area—at least, that is why I refused to work to support it—it seemed to me to be a waste of time, and altogether an amateurish piece of work; it may not have been the fault of the draughtsman, but he would probably admit that he essayed to do the impossible. I advocate dealing with the subject by instalments; beginning with practically what is now proposed by the new Bill, but not quite, I very earnestly suggest—as I have written to the Secretary of the Parliamentary Committee—these lines:—

Let the Bill give liberty forthwith to remarry to all persons who have been "separated" in any way by decrees or orders. The proposed words about resumption of cohabitation are needless; obviously, if there has been a resumption of cohabitation, the parties do not wish to remarry. It will be an unnecessary hardship if these people have to resort to further proceedings to obtain this relief, and there is not the least necessity for it. Instead of several hundreds of thousands of applications to courts, the proverbial stroke of the pen of an Act of Parliament can do all that is required; surely that is obvious if it is pointed out.

I have had professional experience of matrimonial causes for all sorts and conditions of people, and I am fully acquainted with the points, and I have read most of the literature that has been published on the subject during recent years. I should have written before, but I missed seeing the issue until this week. I agree with the estimate of half-a-million couples—in fact, I have quoted that figure more than once recently. Quite apart from individual happiness—the deprivation of which sometimes brings unspeakable misery—we have to consider nationally the questions of increase of legitimate birth-rate, promotion of morality, reduction of illegitimacy, and prevention of disease. Those who object to the Bill on conscientious principles can leave it alone, and not interfere with other people. Legislation cannot please everyone. If, unfortunately (as I think), further legal proceedings have to be taken, they should be open to either party (the second section is ambiguous), because very frequently a man or a woman will take proceedings for separation instead of divorce for the very purpose of keeping the other side "tied," and the "innocent" party is very often the real cause of marital trouble, and this is often forgotten! Perhaps the draughtsman has never had to go into details of cases as I have had to do many and many a time.

The second section should end at the word "marriage." The period in Section 3 should be two years, the present statutory period. If it is thought that my proposals clash, my answer is that it would not matter if they did for a short time.—Yours, &c.,

A. E. BALE.

45, Sudbourne Road, Brixton, S.W. 2.
August 14th, 1917.

THE CHARACTER OF MR. STAINTON MOSES.

SIR,—Will you allow me to correct some slight typographical errors that occur in my letter, replying to Sir George Greenwood, which you were good enough to publish in your last issue? Quoting from my recent book, "On the Threshold of the Unseen," I stated that those who knew the integrity and probity of the Rev. Stainton Moses would have been indignant if Mr. Podmore had accused Mr. Moses of wilful deception. Your printer makes me say *indifferent* instead of *indignant*. Mr. F. W. H. Myers spelt his first Christian name *Frederic*, not with the *k* at the end, which your printer has added. I need hardly say I did not sign my name with the prefix "Sir" as printed.

As regards Mr. E. Clodd's letter, the context to the sentence he quotes from a letter written by Mr. A. Lang may, as in the case of Dr. Tuckett, convey a different impression of Mr. Moses to that which Mr. Clodd intends your readers to infer. Mr. A. Lang was a former President of the Society for Psychical Research, and I am not aware that he ever controverted the high opinion of Mr. Moses's personal character which Mr. F. W. H. Myers had previously published in the Proceedings of that Society.—Yours, &c.,

W. F. BARRETT.

SIR,—Sir William Barrett writes, in your issue of August 11th:—

"In my book I stated that all who, like myself, were personally acquainted with, and knew the high character of, Mr. Moses, would have been indifferent if a hostile critic, such as Mr. Podmore, had accused Mr. Moses of conscious and wilful deception to the former, but the writer in 'The British Weekly' is phenomena occurring in his presence"

But, with all respect, this is not exactly what Sir William stated in his book. Let me quote the *ipsissima verba*:

"Those who, like myself, knew both the Rev. S. Moses and Mr. Podmore would be indignant if the latter attributed wilful deception to the former, but the writer in 'The British Weekly' is mistaken, and has no adequate grounds for thinking this was the case."

The allegation, therefore, is that Mr. Podmore did not, as a fact, attribute "wilful deception" to Mr. Moses. (See "On the Threshold of the Unseen," p. 16.)

But that Podmore *did* attribute "wilful deception" to Moses, in spite of Sir William Barrett's reluctance to acknowledge it, there can, really, be no doubt. It is true, he says, in the passage quoted by Sir William, that it is "scarcely credible," and not "readily conceivable," that this reverend gentleman "should deliberately have entered upon a course of systematic and cunningly-concerted trickery for the mere pleasure of mystifying a small circle of friends, or in the hope of any petty personal advantage," &c., &c.; but that, nevertheless, Podmore's considered opinion was that Moses was a "trickster"—to use his own word, the epithet "arrant" was mine, and not marked by me as a quotation—is amply proved, not only by the passage I quoted from "Modern Spiritualism," but by such words as the following, extracted from the same work:—

"If we leave out of the account for the moment the difficulties involved in the supposition that a man of his character and antecedents should lend himself to trickery, there is nothing in the manifestations produced in his presence to suggest any other explanation. All that was done, has been done again and again by fraudulent mediums and naughty children, and done under conditions much less favorable. Stainton Moses had the advantage of darkness more complete than that afforded to most mediums. No tests of any kind were imposed, and the controlling spirit, speaking through the mouth of the medium, sternly repressed any attempt in that direction. . . . It was hardly to be expected that in a circle constituted as described, actual proofs of fraud should come to light. . . . The spirit lights are described as hard, round, and cold to the touch, a description consistent with the supposition that they consisted of round bottles of phosphorized oil. At some of the early sésances, Dr. and Mrs. Speer were requested to rub their hands together quickly when the lights appeared, in order to generate power—a device which might naturally suggest itself to a *trickster* as a convenient means of checking the impulses of unseasonable curiosity."

There can be no doubt, therefore, that Podmore regarded Moses as a "trickster," although he also thought that the explanation of that fact might "be found in the annals of morbid psychology."

Now, assuming that Moses was a "trickster," the explanation of "the manifestations produced in his presence" is perfectly simple. Sir William Barrett, who lays great stress on these mosaic "manifestations," asks us, nevertheless, to believe that they were "supernormal" (that, I understand, is the now accepted adjective) on the faith of his testimony to this reverend gentleman's high character. But even clergymen of the Church of England have been known, at times, to deceive, and, if I am asked to choose, I must unhesitatingly cast in my lot with Podmore and simplicity, for *Miracula non sunt multiplicanda prater necessitatem*.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE GREENWOOD.

August 13th, 1917.

[This correspondence must now close.—ED., THE NATION.]

THE BRITISH WORKERS' LEAGUE.

SIR,—A prominent paragraph in your issue of last week speaks of this League as the "tame Labor Organization" of the "Times." Would you kindly explain to your readers what foundation you have for such an assertion?

I should be glad to know where you got your information, and what is its nature? So far as I am aware, this League has no connection whatever with the "Times," nor with anybody connected with the "Times"; nor do I know of any officer or anybody associated with the work of the League who has any association with our principal daily paper. If you have no explanation or reason to offer for your gratuitous statement, I hope I may count on your sense of honor as a journalist of repute to disavow an observation which is offensive, as the writer must have intended it to be offensive, to every member of the League.

The British Workers' League is not "tame" in regard to any extraneous newspaper or organization. It seems to me that you have far less justification for such a statement than I should have if I described the Union of "Democratic Control" or the "Independent" Labor Party as the "tame" organizations of THE NATION.—Yours, &c.,

VICTOR FISHER, *Hon. Secretary*.

28 to 36, Sicilian House, Sicilian Avenue,
London, W.C. 1.

August 15th, 1917.

JARGON.

SIR,—No one who cares for the English language, whatever his political views may be, should quarrel with the castigation of Mr. Garvin's effusions in your issue of August 11th. To those who, confronted with a certain "Literary Confession Book," hesitate over selecting "the worst living writer of English," his name may be commended. I have always supposed

that his articles were not written, but dictated, shouted aloud, by one rushing up and down a room, or addressing from a platform, with wild gesticulation, an imaginary Albert Hall. But is it by accident or design that the article which lashes Garvinese itself displays some of the worst faults to which the hurried journalist is liable? In particular, the fault of using two or three words or expressions (usually three!) to convey an idea, without considering whether the second and third really enlarge or elucidate it. For instance, "to exploit his style as a separate concern, as a device, an expedient in itself"—"you must put him off, fob him off, palm him off, at every cost" ("palm him off" is also a blunder; you do not palm a man off, you palm off something on him, the metaphor being from the conjurer); "the vague, the abstract, the woolly"—"the ambiguity of this gesture, the double-shottness of this phrase, the casuistry of this posture, the subterfuge of this flourish." What could be worse than this last sentence? The writer is referring to nothing but the words spoken or written by various statesmen. "Gesture, posture, flourish," are all metaphors describing words, and carry the idea no further, but double-shottness is apparently used in the sense of ambiguous, whereas it really means carrying twice the weight of metal; and how in the world can a posture be casuistical, or a flourish be, or convey, a subterfuge?

With what right, again, can a critic condemn the mixed metaphors of a Garvin, when he himself tells us that the difficulty of arriving at a good style in journalism may be that "in our present dispensation, where the raw material is handed down to him already cooked, he has not the wherewithal?" "Dispensation" is from theology, "raw material" from manufacture (and how can material be raw if it is cooked?); "handed down" suggests a tradition, and "wherewithal" usually means the money required for the purpose in hand. And how can you "doctor a half-apprehended fact"? How, again, can a style be "angular in form, woolly in texture, unconvincing in substance"—what is the difference, here, between texture and substance, how can wool be angular, and wool, angular or otherwise, be unconvincing? When, finally, the writer suggests that, owing to the "jargon" of statesmen, the war continues "because of a common international *petitio principii*, he raises grave doubts as to whether he knows what *petitio principii* means. What is the syllogism which is vitiated by that particular fallacy?

"One is tempted to exclaim," as one of his *clichés* has it, "Physician, heal thyself"; or to quote another proverb from the same source about motes and beams. But perhaps, after all, it is only his fun to illustrate in his own writing most of the faults which he censures in another.—Yours, &c.,

R.

[In spite of this lofty regard for the English language, I dare say "political views" have something to do with it. It is disagreeable to have to defend oneself in such delicate circumstances, and "R" might certainly have made it extremely mortifying for me. But the touch of malice carries a suggestion of partiality. "R" is a prosecuting counsel over-dressing his evidence. He makes three specific charges against me—(1) "the fault of using two or three words or expressions (usually three!) to convey an idea, without considering whether the second and third really enlarge or elucidate it"; (2) mixed metaphor; (3) meaningless. Let me attempt to answer them in their order. Well, I contend there is a difference between "a separate concern" and a "device," between a "device" and an "expedient in itself." A separate concern means a thing apart—it conveys no sense of trickery, as "device" suggests, only less strongly, less comprehensively, than "expedient." A device is midway between the two; it does not necessarily convey the meaning of trickery. Expedient does. "The vague, the abstract, the woolly." Dear me! do they all mean the same thing? "R." must, indeed, be a thinker of the earth, earthy, if an abstract idea is to his mind a woolly one. Hills may be vague at night, but they are not woolly. Clouds may not be vague, and yet always woolly. So with "gesture," "posture," "flourish." Gesture implies motion, usually of the arm; a posture conveys the idea of an actor throwing his body into a pose; a flourish is a gesture carried into extravagance and agitation. Do they not diversify or further the idea? Evidently "R." has a rare eye for the niceties and varieties of language. "Double-shottness," if "R." will consult the literature he is so anxious to defend, he will find (particularly among the Elizabethans) that it is used in the sense of ambiguity. The rest of his sentence is unintelligible to me. Why on earth may not a posture be casuistical, &c.? Has this champion of language no feeling at all for legitimate combinations in words to point a meaning? Good heavens! what must be his opinion of Henry James?

For his second charge, "dispensation" has entirely lost its theological meaning. It is a poorish word, I own, but not, in its connection, a false one. Nowadays, all it implies is "condition of things," "state of affairs." I did not say that "raw" was the same thing as "cooked." Really "R" must give me the credit for just a glimmer of intelligence. Could any reader possibly mistake my words—that the raw material

was cooked and handed down so? "Wherewithal," again, like "dispensation," has lost its original pecuniary sense. So have at least thirty per cent. of English words used in every-day conversation.

"Handed down" only implies a tradition, if it is used in that context. I warrant that if "R" was to apply this hair-splitting process of his to the most of written speech (how can speech be written? he will be sure to say), he would find mixed metaphors throughout and reduce all language to sheer impotence. And why cannot a "half-apprehended fact" be "doctored"? I would point out to "R" that "doctored" in this sense means dressed up, tampered with, altered for the worse. The facts are half-understood, half-grasped by the journalist, and dressed up for his readers. As for his "how can wool be angular," &c., it is a wilful travesty of my words. His method of so doing proceeds, of course, from denying that there is any difference between "form," "texture," and "substance." "Form" is an outline, "texture" is the surface of the thing outlined, and "substance" is the weight, solidity, the cubic dimensions of the thing outlined. For the sake of "R's" understanding, I am forced into so narrow a definition. I should suggest that "R" ask a painter if there is any difference between them. Lastly, he "raises grave doubts" (how does "R" lift up an abstract quality?) as to whether I know what *petitio principii* means. It means begging the question, as any dictionary will tell him. Is there, therefore, any ambiguity in my meaning?

We are left, then, with one concrete example as "R's" weapon in his lengthy indictment—"put him off," "fob him off," "palm him off." I do not claim there is anything more than a slight difference between the three. But to a receptive mind, some difference does exist, and the rhetorical form of the sentence does cover the slightness. So that "R's" forces against me amount just to "palm him off with something," instead of "palm something off on him." I would have made a better case *contra me* myself. As "R" has displayed so singular and imaginative a knowledge of the usages of language, I am content to leave him with that.—THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.]

GUILD PRINCIPLES.

SIR,—I cannot refrain from one or two comments upon your review, critical but sympathetic, of my last book, "Guild Principles in War and Peace." As these principles vitally relate to Reconstruction, I trust you will not consider it a wasted effort.

Your reviewer warns his readers against the apparent simplicity of my argument. It reminds him of an advertisement—"so simple." But let me distinguish. Undoubtedly the formula condemning wagery is simple. It affirms that the time is ripe to reject the current commodity valuation of labor; it affirms that the sacred element of personality enters into labor. If these two affirmations be substantially true, it follows that the wage-system must go, for it is based on the commodity theory. Although its implications are stupendous, I am bound to agree that the formula itself is simple; quite as simple, in fact, as the earlier formula of the earlier Abolitionist who condemned chattel slavery. Try how I may, I cannot add to the complexity of this simplicity. And, economically considered, the difference between the chattel valuation of a slave's person and the commodity valuation of his labor is a matter thus for actuarial calculation. Before the War of the Union, the Northern manufacturers had made that calculation. I have made it myself on negro labor that is only one degree removed from peonage. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Guild formula of to-day is in principle significantly similar to its forerunner.

If, however, the destructive criticism of the wage-system adopted by National Guildsmen is simple, it does not follow that its practical application is simple. On the contrary, it is extraordinarily difficult and complicated. I agree with my critic that the transition from Industrial Unionism to producing Guilds requires harder and more technical work than it has yet received. But consider our difficulties. "National Guilds" was published in book form in June, 1914. The National Guilds' League was formed, I think, in 1915. It is essentially a young man's movement (I am the Patriarch!) and, during all these years, the majority of our best brains have been in the trenches. Mr. Orage has kept the light flaming in the "New Age," and Mr. G. D. H. Cole, in the midst of many pressing duties, has written two books and several tracts for the National Guilds' League. Mr. Mellor, the Secretary, passes impenitent days at Dartmoor. Nevertheless, some hard technical work on transition has been done. Mr. Henry Lascelles, a trained railway administrator, has dealt, from the management point of view, with a Railway Guild, whilst two considerable tracts have been published on Miners' and Railwaymen's Guilds by the National Guilds' League (Mrs. Ewer, Secretary, 17, Acacia Road, N.W. 8).

But I would urge that, however simple, our formula is a condition precedent to real Reconstruction. What is wanted to-day is hard technical work on transition after the war—work based on the rejection of the commodity theory. I know of no more fruitful work and stimulating study.

The problem of the large industry in relation to local autonomy is touched upon by your reviewer, who assumes that I am not opposed to "the big industry." I am and I am not. I certainly postulate its continuance. If I did not, the charge of Utopianism would lie. Not the least deadly of the war's sequelæ will be the hardening of the existing system, out of sheer economic necessity. But I am nearer to your reviewer than he imagines. For not only have I, in sympathy with Mr. Orage, strongly argued for qualitative as against quantitative production (a principle that carries us far), but the last pages of the book under review are devoted to a warning against excessive centralization, with the consequent death of local life and genius. As a matter of fact, I attach enormous importance to this, and am grateful to your reviewer for giving it prominence.

I would like to remove a misconception of your reviewer, which, had it any substance, I should regard as fatal. He pictures me as claiming far too much for economic freedom. He rather fathers upon me the argument that because freedom has not been effected by political, therefore it can only be achieved by economic, means. An obvious *non sequitur*. My case is that politics and economics must be related, and their true functions defined. My criticism is that under the present régime, politics is vitiated by economics functioning in a wrong medium. It is just here that the National Guildsmen are distinguished from the Syndicalists. We hold that political action should be motivated by spiritual considerations, the economic function being the work of the Guilds. I have repeatedly affirmed that a man *quâ* citizen will consent to a national policy which *quâ* Guildsman may involve him in loss. We believe in the State as the expression of citizenship, and in the Guilds as the most effective economic method. We protest against the existing confusion of the political and economic functions.

Lastly, let me assure my critic that I do not believe that freedom can be achieved by democracy asserting itself in economic machinery. I agree with him that it is the spirit which ultimately counts. But, so far as economic oppression dulls the spirit and thwarts our hopes, to that extent is freedom won when the economic oppression is destroyed. That and no more. My critic is surely on dangerous ground. If it be only the spirit that counts, all else being immaterial, the argument must have been equally valid in the slave days. I prefer to forget Epictetus.—Yours, &c.,

S. G. HOBSON.

HISTORICAL PARALLELS.

SIR,—“American” draws an interesting parallel between the outrages committed in 1688 by the French in the Palatinate and those committed lately by the Germans in Belgium. He has but to read a little further in Macaulay and he will find more historical parallels.

It will be remembered that in 1690 the French Admiral Tourville, misled by the Jacobites, believed that if he made a descent on England the whole population would rise and welcome the restorer of their rightful king. He soon found out his mistake, however, and, in Macaulay's words, “finding that the whole population was united as one man against him, contented himself with sending his galleys to ravage Teignmouth, an unfortified market town which had given no provocation and could make no defence. A short cannonade put the inhabitants to flight. Seventeen hundred men landed, and marched into the deserted streets. More than a hundred houses were burned to the ground. The cattle were slaughtered. The barques and fishing-smacks which lay in the river were destroyed. Two parish churches were sacked, the Bibles and Prayer-books torn and scattered about the roads, the pulpits and communion tables demolished.”

In 1694, the English Fleet suffered a severe defeat at Brest, the result of Marlborough's treachery. This is how it revenged itself. “The armament, which had returned to Portsmouth, soon sailed again for the coast of France, but achieved only exploits worse than inglorious. An attempt was made to blow up the pier at Dunkirk. Some towns inhabited by quiet tradesmen and fishermen were bombarded. In Dieppe scarcely a house was left standing; a third part of Havre was laid in ashes; and shells were thrown into Calais, which destroyed thirty private dwellings. The French and the Jacobites loudly exclaimed against the barbarity of making war on an unwarlike population. The English Government vindicated itself by reminding the world of the sufferings of the thrice-wasted Palatinate; and as against Lewis, and the flatterers of Lewis, the vindication was complete. But whether it were consistent with humanity and with sound policy to visit the crimes which an absolute prince and a ferocious soldiery had committed in the Palatinate on shopkeepers and laborers, on women and children, who did not know that the Palatinate existed, may be doubted.”

If the French in the Palatinate remind us of the Germans in Belgium, the doings of the English and French Fleets in the Channel may call up memories of the German Fleet at Scarborough and Yarmouth, and of the Zeppelins over the East-End of London. Surely the interesting moral to draw from

these parallels is not that drawn by “American.” Surely the moral is that there are other candidates besides Attila and the Germans for the title of Hun, and that while war exists it is futile to be surprised at the outrages committed by the armed forces of any nation.

The last part of my second quotation may, perhaps, be read with profit by those who, periodically, raise a clamor for reprisals.—Yours, &c.,

ADRIAN STEPHEN.

Sandwell, Loom Lane, Radlett.

August 12th, 1917.

Poetry.

PITIFUL.

WHEN God made man to live his hour,
And hitch his wagon to a star,
He made a thing without the power
To see His creatures as they are.
He made a masterpiece of will,
Superb above its mortal lot,
Invincible by any ill—
Imagination He forgot!

This man of God, too proud to lie,
A saint who thinks it shame to sin,
Yet makes of rainbow butterfly
A toy through which to stick a pin.
He bends on Heaven every wish,
Believes the tale of Kingdom Come,
And prisons up the golden fish
In bowl no bigger than a drum.

He who a hero's pathway trod,
And at injustice burned with rage,
Goes pinioning the wings of God
Within a tiny brazen cage.
And though he withers from remorse
When he refuses duty's call,
He cuts the tail off every horse,
And carves each helpless animal.

No spur to humor doth he want.
In wit the Earth he overlords,
Yet drives the hapless elephant
To clown and tumble on “the boards.”
This man, of every learning chief,
So wise that he can read the skies,
Can fail to read the wordless grief
That haunts a prisoned monkey's eyes.

He preaches “Mercy to the weak,”
And strives to lengthen human breath,
But starves the little gaping beak,
And hunts the timid hare to death.
He, with a spirit wild as wind,
The world at liberty would see;
Yet cannot any reason find
To set the tameless tiger free.

Such healing victories he wins,
He drugs away the mother's pangs,
But sets his god-forsaken gins
To mangle rabbits with their fangs.
Devote, he travels all the roads
To track and vanquish all the pains,
And yet—the wagon overloads,
The watch-dog to his barrel chains.

He soars the heavens in his flight,
To measure Nature's majesty;
And takes his children to delight
In captive eagles' tragedy.
A man in knowledge absolute,
Who right, and love, and honor woos,
Yet keeps the pitiful poor brute
To mope and languish in his Zoos.

You creatures wild, of field and air,
Keep far from men where'er they go!
God set no speculation there—
Alack—We know not what we do!

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

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The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "A Defence of Idealism: Some Questions and Conclusions." By May Sinclair. (Macmillan. 12s. net.)
- "The Coming Democracy." By Hermann Fernau. (Constable. 6s. net.)
- "The English-Speaking Peoples: Their Future Relations and Joint International Obligations." By George Louis Beer. (Macmillan. 6s. 6d. net.)
- "Verses and Versicles." By Sir George Radford. (Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)
- "Armenia and the War." By A. P. Hacobian. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. 6d. net.)
- "The Gossip Shop." By J. E. Buckrose. (Hodder & Stoughton. 5s. net.)
- "Etudes et Impressions de la Guerre." Deuxième Série. Par Général Malletier. (Paris: Tallandier. 3 fr. 50.)
- "Le Veau d'Or et la Vache enragée." Roman. Par F. de Miomandre. (Paris: Emile Paul. 3 fr. 50.)

A CHAPTER in the "Curiosities of Literature" that must be written by some future D'Israeli will give an account of the rise, development, and fall of book mottoes, or, as they are sometimes styled, epigraphs. It was long the custom of an author to grace his title-page with a quotation from the classics. In more modern times, "the decent obscurity of a learned language" was often abandoned, and we had mottoes in the vulgar tongue, often provided for each separate chapter as well as for the book as a whole. It was a pleasant practice, and I regret its cessation. I have been unable to discover when it began. But it must have been pretty early, for a seventeenth-century translation of Martial has these lines on the reverse of the title-page:—

"Reader, if thou hast griefs to make thee weep,
Take up this book, and read thyself to sleep."

Later authors have dealt less candidly with the hesitating purchaser, and their mottoes and epigraphs were intended, like the signs of some old inns, less to indicate than to praise the sort of entertainment that would be provided.

To our older essayists a paper was incomplete unless it had a motto. "Such is the prevalence of custom," we are told, in the seventy-first number of the "Connoisseur," "that the most finished essay without a motto would appear to many people as maimed and imperfect as a beautiful face without a nose." Addison had used the same comparison in the "Spectator," and he added that a handsome motto "always gives a supernumerary beauty to a paper, and is sometimes necessary when the writer is engaged in what may appear a paradox to vulgar minds, as it shows that he is supported by good authorities, and is not singular in his opinion." Johnson used mottoes in the "Rambler," but very few are to be found in the "Idler." This lack puzzled Boswell. "I know not why a motto," he remarks, "the usual trapping of periodical papers, is prefixed to very few 'Idlers,' as I have heard Johnson commend the custom: and he never could be at a loss for one, his memory being stored with innumerable passages of the classics." The probable cause of their absence is sheer laziness. Lamb is another of our essayists whose reading could have provided delightful mottoes, but who has neglected to furnish them. Hazlitt has employed a few good ones; for example, he prefixes his essay, "On the Conversation of Lords," with the quotation from Shakespeare: "An infinite deal of nothing." Southey equipped each of the seven volumes of "The Doctor" with a prelude of mottoes, over a hundred in all, and most of them neither lively nor pertinent.

AMONG all our novelists, Scott is the most generous in his use of mottoes and epigraphs. He used none in "Waverley," but began the practice of inserting them in "Guy Mannering," and all the other novels, except "Redgauntlet," have a plentiful supply. Unlike most other writers, Scott had no scruple in writing his own mottoes.

"It may be worth noting," Lockhart tells us, "that it was in correcting the proof-sheets of this novel ['The Antiquary'] that Scott first took to equipping his chapters with mottoes of his own fabrication. On one occasion he happened to ask John Ballantyne, who was sitting by him, to hunt for a particular passage in Beaumont and Fletcher.

John did as he was bid, but did not succeed in discovering the lines. 'Hang it, Johnnie,' cried Scott. 'I believe I can make a motto sooner than you will find one.' He did so accordingly; and from that hour, whenever memory failed to suggest an appropriate epigraph, he had recourse to the inexhaustible mines of 'old play' or 'old ballad,' to which we owe some of the most exquisite verses that ever flowed from his pen."

These mottoes were often not inserted until the chapters were printed, and Scott admitted that sometimes even when real names are given, it would be useless to look for the quotations in the works of the authors to whom they are credited. One of the most famous, prefixed to the thirty-third chapter of "Old Mortality," and there assigned to that fertile author, Anonymous, is the quatrain:—

"Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

Scott was once delighted by hearing an old lady repeat one of his epigraphs as a selection from a hymn by Dr. Watts, whom she greatly admired.

THACKERAY, except for one Latin quotation on the title-page of "Henry Esmond," Dickens, Trollope, Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, and George Meredith, did not, I believe, employ either mottoes for their books or epigraphs for their chapters. George Eliot and Mrs Gaskell sometimes have both and sometimes neither, the former making liberal use of Shakespeare and Dante. Mr. Thomas Hardy found an appropriate motto for Tess of the D'Urbervilles in the lines from Shakespeare: "Poor wounded name! My bosom as a bed shall lodge thee." Carlyle prefixed a motto from Goethe to "Sartor Resartus," and another from the same source to "The French Revolution," supplementing it in the latter work with two Greek ones. For "The Latter-Day Pamphlets" he had recourse to Jean Paul and Rushworth's "Collections." Very few historians have graced their works with mottoes. None is to be found in Gibbon, Macaulay, Froude, or Lecky. An exception is Jeremy Collier, whose "Ecclesiastical History of the British Isles" is decorated with a motto from Lucretius. Biographers are less unanimous. Boswell quoted Horace on the title-page of his "Life of Johnson." Lockhart, Moore, Froude, Sir George Trevelyan, and Lord Morley thought any decoration unnecessary. Forster's "Life of Dickens" has three mottoes: one from Johnson, one from Boswell, and one from Carlyle. Beaconsfield's biography of Lord George Bentinck betrays its author's sense of the greatness of his subject. Its motto is: "He left us the legacy of heroes; the memory of his great name, and the inspiration of his great example."

POETS have often adorned their work with mottoes. Southey, as I have mentioned, was specially fond of them, and all his dramas, except "Wat Tyler," are graced with mottoes. He usually chose a Greek one, and in the case of "Kehama" he used an English proverb which Coleridge had rendered into Greek. Wordsworth left "The Prelude" and "The Excursion" without mottoes, though he used them for some of his other poems. "Peter Bell" had two—"What's in a Name?" and "Brutus will start a Spirit as soon as Cæsar!" Shelley's "Peter Bell the Third" gave immortality to the famous stanza about the "party in a parlor, all silent and all damned," which Wordsworth omitted from later editions of his poem. As a rule, Shelley inclined to Greek for his mottoes. Cowper prefixed to "The Task" the motto, "Fit surculus arbor," obtained from "Anon." Crabbe used the Virgilian tag, "Paulo majora canamus" for "The Borough," and garnished each of the twenty-one tales of 1812 with three or four extracts from Shakespeare. "The Parish Register" and several other poems have Latin mottoes, but "The Library" and "The Newspaper" were not thought worthy of this decoration. Byron took the motto for "The Giaour" from Moore, for "The Bride of Abydos" from Burns, and for "Cain" from the Book of Genesis. His "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" had two mottoes:—
"I had rather be a kitten, and cry, mew!
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers."—Shakespeare.

And:—

"Such shameless Bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd Critics, too."—Pope.

It was a good double-barrelled choice for Byron's purpose.

PENGUIN.

Reviews.

MORS JANUA VITÆ.

"Blessed are the Dead: An Anthology." Compiled by A. E. N. FOSTER. (Cope & Fenwick. 3s. net.)

WE certainly do not envy Mr. Foster. Only, we are tempted to think, a man of utmost gallantry or abysmal ignorance would have set his plough to such an illimitable furrow. An anthology of the praise of Death (for that is what Mr. Foster's "A Book of Comfort for those who remain behind" must mean)—Death as a release and a consolation, it will have almost as much material before it as an anthology of the praise of Life. It is only when a collection of this kind comes our way, that we realize the passionate reluctance of literature to regard death as nescience, darkness, finality. The fuller and more expanded consciousness of art is unable to contemplate its ultimate negation without something more than protest, without a vigorous affirmation of positives. After all, how scanty is the literature of death, regarded from the point of view of science or materialism, as scanty as the literature which regards it from the point of view of orthodox Christianity! For the transitoriness, even the unreality of life, literature is full of voices, and there is scarcely a break from Anacreon to Herrick, from that highly and rather priggishly cultivated Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, to Sir Thomas Browne:—

"But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of man without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the Pyramids? Herostatus lives that burnt the Temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good Names, since bad have equal duration; and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon, without the favor of the Everlasting Register. Who knows whether the best of men be known? Or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of Time."

Even Browne's cathedral meditations, sceptic as he was, are directed more upon life as an approach to death, than death as the end of life. "It is the heaviest stone that melancholy can throw at a Man to tell him he is at the end of his nature"—he is not often so candid and direct as this. The literary Thomases, indeed, approach death obliquely, and are not anxious to give it quite all of its uncompromising due.

So, too, with the tales of the deaths of great men that have come down to us. The imagination of man does not love despair, and in spite of its reason, or perhaps at the dictates of a higher reason, loves magnanimity and heroism in death, not only for themselves, but because they indicate a hope. It would far rather read about Lord Chesterfield's manner of death, who, when a friend came to visit him on his death-bed, spoke finally with unquenchable courtesy, "Give Dayrolles a chair," than of Marshal Béván's and Monmouth's womanish tears, or Erasmus's terrible "Domine, Domine, fac finem, fac finem, Domine." Charles I.'s "I fear not death: death is not terrible to me"; Charles II.'s still more famous words; More's, "I pray you, see me up safe, and for my coming down, let me shift for myself!"; Falstaff's, "a-babbling of green fields"; Mercutio jesting, they become immortal, partly because, in some mysterious way, they seem to be a pledge of immortality. In the romance of Aucassin and Nicolette, the thing that lingers in the memory, above all others, are Aucassin's brave words (which, by the way, Mr. Foster ought to have quoted, as he should have done the many gallant stories of the dying or those about to die):—

"But into Hell would I fain go, for into Hell fare the goodly clerks and the goodly knights that fall in tourneys and great wars, and stout men-at-arms and all men noble. And thither pass the sweet ladies and courteous that have two lovers or three, and their lords also thereto. Thither go the gold and the silver and cloth of vair . . . and harpers and makers and the prince of this world. With these I would gladly go, let me but have with me Nicolette, my sweetest lady."

And yet we have more sympathy towards Dr. Johnson's horror of death than Donne's, who kept a portrait of himself in a winding-sheet beside his death-bed. There is something universal in the Doctor's reproach to

Boswell's importunity: "No, sir! let it alone! It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives. The art of dying is not of importance, it lasts so short a time!" And when Boswell persisted: "Give us no more of this!"—"Don't let us meet to-morrow." Mankind's horror of death never decreases from century to century, in spite of all the sages. But he is only too pathetically eager to discover evidences that horror is merely illusion. Only to-day, when the idea of death has become too common and familiar to us, when its sheer quantitative aspect is too much for us, are we in danger of becoming insensitive to it, both as an end and as a means to an endlessness. For the Oriental, fatalistic attitude to death is the worst of all, since it debases the value of life.

In one of the first of the old "blockbooks," printed in the Netherlands in 1460, there is a large full-page woodcut, called "*Ars Moriendi*." Indifference is the Goliath of art, and it is for that very reason that we welcome Mr. Foster's anthology, if it teach us nothing but to put a value upon the *ars vivendi*. Life and death are so interrelated that to lose the significance of the one is to lose that of the other. And because of this responsibility upon him, Mr. Foster should have attempted to make his collection wider than it is. Comprehensive it cannot be. In our own literature, for instance, part of the period between the early Jacobean and the Restoration is occupied practically exclusively with reflections upon death. And there cannot be a poet from Chaucer to Davies who has not taken the idea of death to his poetic *mensam et thorum*, either as angel or skeleton. An anthology of this kind must therefore be haphazard, it must even be sketchy, but not quite so sketchy and haphazard as Mr. Foster makes it. He has, for instance, three pieces from James Montgomery and three from Vaughan, and those three not of his best. He quotes a detestable bit of rhetoric from one Mr. H. J. Marshall:—

"They (the young dead of the war) were with us but not of us, this swift and joyous generation of youth now fighting and falling on the battlefields for great glory and a world's salvation. . . . What are we that we should mourn or pity such as these? Nay, let us rather rejoice with them, that after so short and so glorious a trial they have entered upon so great a reward."

And he quotes not a word from Jeremy Taylor, Sir Thomas Browne, Webster, or Traherne, for whom the thought of death (the death of others) does not bring quite such cheerful consolation. It were better that Mr. Foster had given us Bosda's speech in the "*Duchess of Malfi*":—

"Thou art a box of wormseed; at best but a salvatory of green mummery. What is this flesh? A little crudded (curdled) milk, fantastical puff-paste. Our bodies are weaker than those paper-prisons boys use to kill flies in; more contemptible, since ours is to preserve earth worms. Did'st thou ever see a lark in a cage? Such is the soul in the body; this world is like her little turf of grass; and the heavens o'er our heads, like her looking-glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge of the small compass of our prison."

Better the most Gothic idiosyncrasies and morbidities of the "*danse macabre*," better the charnel-house of Townsend, than the easy optimism of Mr. Marshall. Crashaw is only represented once, and then not in the exquisite, "*An Epitaph upon Husband and Wife, who died and were buried together*" (Mr. Foster makes singularly little use of the vast literature of epitaphs), and not "*O thou undaunted daughter of Desires*," perhaps the finest rhapsody of the conquest of death in all literature. He includes Raleigh's lines on the night before his execution, but not Tichborne's upon the same subject, or Raleigh's prose meditation at the conclusion of "*The History of the World*." He ought also to have drawn upon Donne's Sermons, which, little known as they are, contain many incomparable passages upon death. Nothing of Cowley (the Harvey and the Crashaw Odes); nothing of James Thomson, Francis Thompson, Swinburne, Meredith, Hardy, Morris, Drayton, Lamb ("*On an Infant Dying as soon as Born*"), Herbert, and others, with all their wealth pressed down and running over for Mr. Foster's taking. But he is not so exigent of space that he cannot find room for Will Carleton, Beatrice Cregan, Frederick William Faber, Samuel Foote, Twells Brex, Claude Buxton, Longfellow (eleven selections—Shakespeare has one), Hamilton H. King, Mabel Leigh, Bishop Heber, and so forth. Indeed, before Mr. Foster's array of moderns, we are reminded of that singular production, "*The Oxford Book of Mystical Verse*." We have

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indeed to be grateful to Mr. Foster for the idea of such an anthology and for the good things in it; but not, we are afraid, for the very uncritical manner in which it has been carried out.

"THE CORNWALLIS."

"The Immortal Gamble." By A. J. STEWART, Acting Commander, R.N., and C. J. E. PESHALL, Chaplain, R.N. (Black. 6s. net.)

I SUPPOSE one ought not to review a friend's biography, but when the friend is an ageing battleship which has gone to the bottom, perhaps there is some excuse.

And, certainly, the "Cornwallis" was always a good friend to me, whether in the big Mudros Harbor, or at Imbros when a north wind blew, or in the final scene at Suvla Bay, when she was the last ship to leave, and fired the last shot upon the Turks just when they were beginning to discover that some 45,000 men had slipped away under their noses. Many months later I saw her steaming north, past Ismailia, along the Canal, band playing, and everybody cheering. But that was to be my last sight of her, and since January she lies many fathoms deep, where the torpedo sent her down.

To be sure, as I said, she was an ageing battleship (about ten years old when the war began). She was entirely pre-Dreadnought, and, no doubt, was described by home authorities as "of no military value." That was, of course, the reason why she was sent to the Dardanelles. Such a lot of things and men were sent there as being "of no military value." Second-rate stuff was thought good enough for a sideshow, and that was also the simple and sufficient reason why the expedition failed—that expedition so finely conceived, so full of the highest promise, and conducted with such amazing gallantry. Old ships, half-trained divisions, short ammunition, a steady refusal to reinforce—those are causes enough to account for any failure. But at the back of all other causes lay the mistake of regarding the whole design as a sideshow, instead of recognizing it as a conception of the first strategic importance, likely by its success to shorten the war by many months, perhaps by years.

Yet, in spite of middle-age and deadly restrictions, what a lot of fine work even the "Cornwallis" ("Cornbeef," of course) managed to get through! She was the first to open fire in the misguided attempt to force the Straits by the Navy alone (beginning February 18th, 1915), and, as I said, she fired the last shot in the main evacuation of December 20th. The history of her doings between these dates is here admirably told by her Acting Commander and her Chaplain. It is a lively story, for, whenever possible, the "Cornwallis" was sure to be in the thick of it, firing every gun she could range. Her Captain, A. P. Davidson, was described by one of the crew as "a 'umanitar-i-an'"; and well he deserved the title, as the Irish Canadian nurses discovered when he came to their salvation on the desolate shore of Mudros West. But it was not "humanitarian" that the Turks and Germans called him, as his ship came blazing up the Straits, or stood off "De Tott's Battery" to cover the landing of the South Wales Borderers on the terrible 25th of April. Perhaps it is significant that, at the end of the first week of the naval attack, the flagship took exception to the amount of shell expended by the "Cornwallis." Both on sea and land, ammunition was always short, and at one time, I remember, the field batteries were limited to one round per gun a day. Nevertheless, in the first three months the "Cornwallis" fired over 380 rounds of 12-inch, about 3,500 of 6-inch, besides a large number of 12-pounders.

The authors agree that naval guns cannot act to much advantage against forts or men on land. They think the military authorities placed too great reliance on the guns of the fleet. Both in the Straits and during the later attacks at Anzac and Suvla this was, indeed, obvious. The big guns of the monitors, for instance, threw up masses of earth and rock like volcanoes. They hit what they could see, and no doubt their "moral effect" was at first terrible. But the trajectory was too flat. Ships cannot smash invisible batteries or entrenched troops, and directly any sea gets up and their platforms rock, their fire is little better than waste of valuable ammunition. Probably the highest service of the "Cornwallis" lay in covering first landings, in transporting troops or wounded, and carrying

out all manner of tedious engineering jobs that the soldiers demanded (breakwaters, boiler-moving, &c.).

As an example of the sailor's readiness for all kinds of work, one may take an incident mentioned by the author: While landing men at Anzac, a "Cornwallis" picket-boat got a shell in her engine-room:—

"The repair of the boat," we read, "was most cunningly carried out by Foster, shipwright, and a man from the 'Venerable,' a matter of no small difficulty, as she was in deep water, and it entailed working while swimming. The two shipwrights swam alongside with lifebelts on, and the boat's crew pumped for all they were worth. Foster took two or three nails in his mouth and, hammer in hand, submerged himself the while he put a patch on and drove home his nails, and his mate stood by holding him steady by the lifebelt. This process continued until the boat was watertight again."

The book abounds with scenes and stories as interesting. So far as I know, it gives by far the best picture hitherto drawn of the Dardanelles Expedition from the naval side. The fun, the resource, the indomitable courage—all are in accord with "the best traditions of the Navy." But behind all these lies the sense of solemn tragedy. It is not merely that all these qualities are displayed in the presence of death, often in the immediate expectation of it. The most tragic part is that the finest efforts of courage and resource were ultimately frustrated by slackness in subordinate commands and by half-hearted counsels at home. Owing to these, and these alone, the great conception of the invasion failed of its purpose.

I would question only two statements in the book. The big and rather disastrous naval attack of March 18th was not "made for various political reasons," as the authors say. It was merely a continuation, or result, of the earlier fatal resolve to force the passage by the Navy alone—a resolve carried forward though landing troops were already assembling, and Sir Ian Hamilton had just arrived to take command of them. Again, after praising the Turks as "clean fighters," the authors say that "towards the close of the operations they used poisoned gas." It may have been so, but I never heard that gas was actually used, though for a time we were ordered, under penalties, to carry gas helmets about.

H. W. N.

FEMININE ASTIGMATISM.

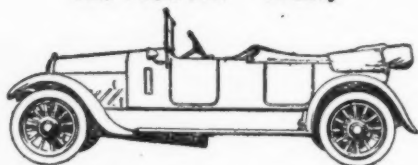
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Encouraged by the observation: "There is a feeling prevalent amongst us that we are getting down to bed-rock," we brace ourselves for those searing but salutary truths wrung from the soul by the influence of pity and terror. War, as Mrs. Heron Maxwell notices, is a great leveller. "Out there in the danger zone a peer of the realm is fighting shoulder to shoulder with a dock-hand, whilst at home the vicar's wife and the laundress," &c., &c. Nevertheless, we are safe from Russia's shocking example, for the conclusion, which we must admit to be incontrovertible, remains that "if every man in the world were set in a rank with his fellows to-morrow, the result would not be uniform." Like Mr. Edmund Gosse and other non-combatants, Mrs. Heron Maxwell inclines to the Condé's fluid theory of international strife. War to the civilian acts as a tonic, pain to the spectator is not all evil, whilst a feminine eye is turned approvingly to a future of unlimited conscription, and war brides urged to provide material for a nation indefinitely at arms. The patriotism of Mrs. Heron Maxwell will be satisfied with nothing short of the extinction of the entire race of "those predatory humans, these beasts with brains," with a "Satanic Majesty of Hate" at their head; while with a gesture as peremptory as Mr. Bottomley's, she would purge the island of the sickly influence of Beethoven, Goethe, and

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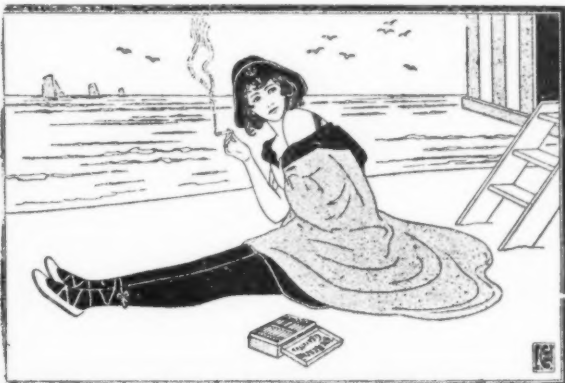
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A woman's eyes, from which no Hand is Hidden, are quick to connect "the Emperor's missionaries" with every symptom of social unrest (including Mrs. Pankhurst's pre-war activities), but close perhaps a shade abruptly on the piety of the Hohenzollern and the Turk when noticing that "the absence of any kind of religion amongst the enemy is in marked contrast to the wave of real religious feeling shown everywhere by the Allies." Devotion to the Royal Family lends an emotional glow to the essay entitled "The Island Spirit." The official telegram of condolence from their Majesties, quoted at length, has no doubt "an effect on the restrained island spirit that is wonderful"; but at a moment when thrones are rocking all over Europe, we would warn Mrs. Heron Maxwell of the dangers of setting one George against another when she writes:—

"It is the King, in his—and our—castle for whom they fight and die! The man who wears the crown and holds the sceptre, to whom every soldier and sailor who strikes for him counts as a personal member of his great family, and not merely as a unit in a vast body to be legislated for, as must be the case to mere Ministers."

The accuracy of a woman's eye will, however, more justly be estimated when discussing subjects connected especially with her own sex. In "Women and Manners," Mrs. Heron Maxwell notes the decay of chivalry, the inattention of post-office girls, the pertness of flappers; and whilst pointing approvingly to "the girl who is merry and bright, as well as modest, and yet does her 'bit' of work with the rest," upbraids the idle hussy who, "making a target of herself for any foreign visitor to fling a leer or a frown at," will find her chances seriously threatened "in the matrimonial market when the men come home." "Will woman lose her balance?" questions Mrs. Heron Maxwell; and fancies, No! Whilst keeping on her motor-driving, farm work, and those sensible overalls and leggings which the war has introduced, she will continue to take an interest in her personal appearance, and—

"Marriages—which had decreased before the war, because money had become so much more necessary to keep love from flying out of the window—will become more numerous, because the wife will be able to contribute to the housekeeping."

A conclusion hardly borne out by the fact that while—

"Of those who 'win through' so many will be disabled, and there will be fewer men for years to come,"

unless we are to consider a radical reconstruction of monogamy.

To the Home, a theme which rouses her pen to its most lyrical flights, Mrs. Heron Maxwell looks for its sedative power over the restless spirit of our cook-generals. Hard to obtain, stubborn to subdue, and "living for the most part in their boxes":—

"Yet still the homing instinct survives in them to some extent, and they think of the 'thatched cottage on the green,' where father and mother brought them up, as a little Eden, to which they will return after their wanderings. 'I haven't been 'home' for some years' they will say, using the old sweet word, 'but I hear from mother regularly.'"

Jealousy ("the green-eyed monster"), Woman's Influence, the English Girl's Ideal—these and kindred subjects occupy the writer's attention for some brief pages. These essays are short, and their readableness is emphasized by Mrs. Heron Maxwell's habit of giving each epigram a paragraph to itself. Thus:—

"Nevertheless Truth does exist, and it is so great a virtue that it covers, like Charity, a multitude of sins."

"This teaches a lesson and gives one food for thought."

A SWISS WAR NOVEL.

"Potterat and the War." By BENJAMIN VALLOTTON. (Heinemann. 5s. net.)

M. VALLOTTON's clever novel, "Potterat and the War," is of cosmopolitan interest as summing up the French-Swiss attitude to the war. Though its racial sympathies are unmistakable, it presents fairly enough the conflicting

emotions in the breast of the small neutral nations, forced by prudence, fear, and self-interest to keep their mouths shut while invaded Belgium, a sister neutral state, lies prostrate before the Prussians. All through the book one feels that this struggle between honor and the national fear tearing the soul of the worthy Vaudois hero, M. Potterat, the retired police inspector, who voices the suppressed indignation of his fellow countrymen. Potterat is presented in the opening chapters as a type of sturdy, old-fashioned patriot, who is contemptuous of Swiss Commercialism which has turned Switzerland into a huge caravanserai for foreigners. There is real charm in the description of the retired police-officer cultivating his little domain, "Eglantine Cottage," with the help of his modest household, his wife and little son, and Bélisaire, the feeble old tramp whom he has weaned from his disreputable ways. As Potterat puts it, sweeping his arms towards the horizon: "With the Alps on the left, the Jura on the right, the Lake in front, the Jorat behind, the sun blazing away in the heavens, a garden, and me in the middle of it . . . what more could a man want?" And Potterat drinking his glass with his good neighbors Biggarreau, Regamey, Peytrequin, playing his instrument, the cornet, with his Choral Society, making his famous speeches at village fêtes, or cultivating his peaches, tomatoes, and cabbages in his sunny garden, despises the swarms of English tourists, munching Germans, Jews, Brazilians, Russians, and other bored cosmopolitans who have turned his country into "a turnstile for passing through."

It is symbolical, however, that Potterat, with his old-fashioned patriotism and homely virtues, should be ousted by the commercial craft of Mauser, the modern speculator, who keeps buying up the small proprietors, and erecting barracks of flats and villas on the border of the Lake. One by one Potterat's old neighbors yield to the business man's tempting offer of "twenty-three francs the square metre," and even the dead in the old cemetery are shovelled out of their graves to make room for a giant hotel. And at last even Potterat himself has to give in to his wife's solicitations, to sell his little patrimony "for the boy's sake," and move into one of the barrack-like flats. Potterat is heartbroken for a time, while he watches the old house pulled down, the hedges rooted up, and the trees falling before the axe, and he cannot find himself in the new "box of a place," peopled like a menagerie with old maids, rakes, Hungarians, "bad lots," musicians, German-Swiss with their gramophones, while violins, pianos, zithers are sounding on all five floors, with the hideous corridors, balconies, windows, lifts, and everybody in a perpetual whirl and rush, "without a scrap of individual character anywhere." The nightmare of Progress in up-to-date Switzerland is well hit off in Potterat's caustic criticisms of this neurasthenic town-civilization.

However, the war breaks out, and here we enter on the chapter of neutral Switzerland's alarm and consternation. M. Vallotton's lively picture in most of the details can be paralleled by the behavior of other nationalities. The same buzzing and swarming of the people in the cities in the early days of the war, the same hoarding of money and the same rush to buy food, the same mobilization, the same horror of the blind forces let loose to hurl half Europe into the depths. Also the same slowness of the agricultural folk in rural districts to realize the fact of the war, and to see how it must shortly affect them. The chief difference between the hero's attitude and those of the good Potterats in other countries is that Switzerland being a European cockpit, second only to Belgium, neutrality is rigidly enforced there. Potterat's heart may be bursting with indignant sympathy for the trainloads of refugee Belgians, but he must not even whistle the air "Sambre et Meuse." "Even if all the rest of the world, except ourselves, is violated we must remain neutral. That's how we must think of our duty. Keep quiet and say nothing. Mum's the word!" as he explains sarcastically to his son. Potterat, with old, sturdy Swiss independence, has to keep his mouth shut in presence of the fact that Switzerland has three languages and two religions, and that the Government has to balance all the conflicting interests and be careful "not to offend the big ogre!" And the more poor Potterat is bottled up by the Authorities and the Swiss Censorship the more he feels like exploding. Prohibitions

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and regulations everywhere! Silence! Attention! And the Government announcement: "Anyone who publicly vilifies . . . any foreign nation, ruler, or government, either by word of mouth or by writing or by pictures, is liable to six months' imprisonment and a fine of 5,000 francs." So we see poor Potterat, this ex-inspector, long trained to carry out the Authorities' orders, a prey to contradictory impulses, living in a state of mental suffocation. He feels like shouting out the things that nobody dare say. Then he pulls himself up, puts his heels together with a click, and mentally salutes the Authorities. In truth there are two Potterats—the one who says: "Yes, we ought to be very thankful that we are spared"; and the one who wants to compromise himself by shouting out before everyone: "Vive la Belgique!" In the end the latter wins the day, and we see the good, retired police-inspector sitting down and addressing an eloquent letter to the Supreme Federal Council following the argument that Switzerland should at least have lodged a solemn protest against Germany's invasion and subjugation of Belgium. To tell the truth, M. Vallotton's *parti-pris* spoils his art in the closing chapters, and perhaps in recognition of his natural bias he makes Potterat die of a stroke on the last page, with the verdict delivered by his old comrades: "Poor Potterat! It's this war that has killed him." It is curious that we hear nothing of the Swiss-German view from first to last, but one concludes that the hero, like his creator, does not mix himself up with that circle.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Practical Pacifism and its Adversaries." By SEVERIN NORDENTOFT. With an Introduction by G. K. CHESTERTON. (Allen & Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.)

DR. NORDENTOFT, a Danish doctor, has written this extended tract for the benefit of pacifists of the older school, who imagine that war can be abolished by the cure-all expedient of arbitration. We should have thought that this primitive simplicity of mind was nearly extinct and might be left to die without further argument. We in England all agree with the author, nowadays, that nationality must be safeguarded, and the economic causes of war faced, before it can be abolished. Dr. Nordentoft has no faith in any remedy for the latter, short of free-trade. For the rest, he discusses the position of the smaller states in a League of Nations, doubts whether they will face its military burdens, and suggests that the Great Powers should undertake their protection (they, meanwhile, disarming) in return for a money contribution. It is not a spirited proposal, and one does not incline to support it, failing conclusive evidence that it is what these small States desire. The real interest of the book lies, however, less in its argument than in the poignant tract against Prussian oppression in the Danish part of Schleswig, by an anonymous Prussian Dane, which is included in it. The oppression is not bloody or violent, but it is nicely calculated to poison the whole mental life of any spirited race which is exposed to it. If any doctrinaire socialist or sentimental pacifist still thinks that war can be abolished until nationality is respected, he should read these chapters on Schleswig. If he answers that the Danes (before the annexation) treated the German inhabitants no better, and that scores of millions of Russian subjects were until last month in the same case, the conclusion is in no way weakened by being broadened.

The Week in the City.

A good deal of quiet optimism has been running through the City during the last few days. For some time past it has been believed that peace would come *via* Vienna, but on Tuesday I met a well-known financier, who laid stress on the importance of Erzberger, and expressed his belief that Roman Catholic influences would shortly be brought to bear. He scouted the notion that the independence and restoration of Belgium would present any obstacles. The real problem,

he said, was Alsace-Lorraine. From another good source I learnt that reports of peace negotiations are being actively canvassed. There is very little speculation, but prices are wonderfully maintained by these hopes and expectations. On Wednesday the Pope's message gave an especially firm tone to Consols and the War Loans. Mexican railway issues have been rising, but Argentine railway securities have been depressed by traffic decreases and by fears of a strike. There was a sensational jump of 1½d. in bar silver to 44d. per ounce—the highest quotation, it is said, since December, 1891. Money has been fairly plentiful. The feature of the foreign exchanges has been the further depreciation of the rouble. According to a Berne telegram of Tuesday, the quotation for 100 marks was on that day 62 francs Swiss, as against a pre-war exchange of about 123½. This means that the purchasing power of the mark in a neutral country has dropped from a shilling to sixpence.

A REVIVAL IN MEXICANS.

Quite a rally in Mexican stocks—Government, railway, and industrial—has occurred during the week, as will be seen from the table below:—

Name.	Price July 27, 1914.	Price end of July, 1917.	Price Aug. 14, 1917.	Rise.
Mexican Government 6 p.c. Treasury Bonds, Red. 1923	89½	56½	58½	1½
Mexican Railway Ordinary Stock	35	17	18	1
Do., 6 p.c. 2nd Non-Cum. Pref. Stock	65	33	34	1
Do., 8 p.c. 1st Non-Cum. Pref. Stock	104	52	56	4
Do., 6 p.c. Pref. Debenture Stock	116½	73	76	3
Mexican North-Western 6 p.c. Prior Lien Bonds, rd. 1923	64½	49½	49½	—
Do., 5 p.c. 1st Mt. Gold Bonds	29½	16	18	2
Mexican Light and Power 5 p.c. 2nd Md. Bonds	62½	27½	30½	3
Mexican Eagle Oil 8 p.c. Non-Cum. Pref. (\$10)	£113-16	£1-16	£3½	1-16
Do., 6 p.c. Mt. Bonds	97	10½	104½	3

Various explanations are put forward to account for the improvement in prices. In the first place, the statement by the Committee which is watching the interests of stockholders in National Railways of Mexico, that the line will soon be worked on a remunerative basis, is no doubt responsible for the advance in railway stocks. Again, silver has risen to an abnormally high price, and Mexico is the largest producer of this metal. News as to the political situation is meagre, but the few reports which come through point to an improvement in conditions. There is talk that Mexico is negotiating for a loan, while another rumor has it that Mexico is to join the Allies. With the exception of Mexican Eagle Oil securities, prices, it will be seen, have a long way to go before they reach the pre-war level.

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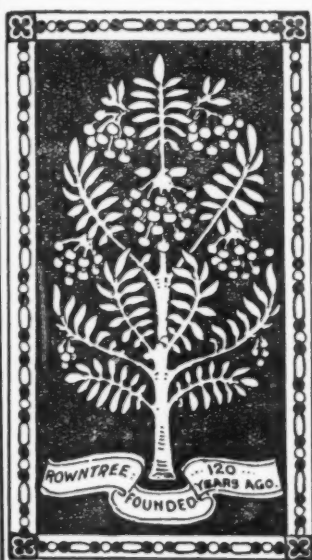
Another brewing company to show excellent results is the Burton firm of Bass, Ratcliff & Gretton—the report for the year ended June 30th last, showing an increase of £36,200 in net profits, while the dividend on the Ordinary shares is raised from 12 to 14 per cent. The year's results compare with those of the three previous years as follows:—

	1913-14.	1914-15.	1915-16.	1916-17.
Net Profits	£ 437,149	£ 383,864	£ 436,620	£ 472,805
Brought forward	64,593	64,676	67,465	56,933
	501,742	448,540	504,085	529,738
Debenture Interest	80,800	80,800	80,800	80,800
Invest. Depr. and Bad Debts Res.	34,266	46,275	60,152	47,418
Preferred Dividend	68,000	68,000	68,000	68,000
Ordinary Dividend	204,000	136,000	163,200	190,400
	(15 p.c.)	(10 p.c.)	(12 p.c.)	(14 p.c.)
Reserve	50,000	50,000	75,000	75,000
Carried forward	64,676	67,465	56,933	68,120

The appropriation this year is much the same as for 1915-16, except that the reserve for bad debts and depreciation and investments takes nearly £13,000 less, while the increased dividend requires £27,200 more. The reserve fund gets £75,000, the same as a year ago, making a total of £750,000. After making these appropriations, the balance carried forward is £11,187 higher. The dividend rate of 14 per cent., which is the same as was paid ten years ago, has only once been exceeded—namely, in 1913-14, when 15 per cent. was paid. The balance sheet shows a reduction of £254,000 in sundry creditors, and of £226,400 in debtors. Investments have risen by £415,600 to £1,474,000, but cash is £61,300 lower.

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Scarborough is a most delightful resort during the autumn and winter months, and it is a proved fallacy that Scarborough is cold in winter. As a matter of fact, roses in bloom can be found on the South Esplanade and in the Holbeck Gardens in the middle of December. Again, on account of its location on the East Coast, many people are much afraid of its East winds; but surely those winds don't stop at Scarborough, and coming from the sea they are pure and bracing. They may be in the depth of winter a little cold, but they are pure ozone.

Of course there are wet days, and frost and snow in the depth of winter, but the weather here is no worse than in any other place; in fact, on account of the influence of the sea, there are frequently warmer and brighter days than those experienced at more inland towns. There are many days when the weather is gloriously bright; days when the bracing air keeps up the health of the visitor to such a degree of exhilaration that the hardest tasks seem easy.

Of the hotels and other conveniences; of the drives; of the golf and other clubs; of the amusement facilities; of the Sea-Angling Festival, space forbids any mention; but these provide, with cycling, motoring, golfing, enjoyments for all tastes and temperaments. Much has, of necessity, to go unmentioned in these short notes, but those who contemplate a short autumnal holiday cannot do better than write to the Town Clerk, Town Hall, for one of the descriptive booklets that have been issued to try and do the town justice in its facilities. The railway service to Scarborough from all parts of England and Scotland is such as obtains at most seaside resorts in these days, though this town enjoys the advantages of being on a principal branch of the North-Eastern's main line from York to the North.

In all, it will be found that Scarborough will still delight its old visitors and provide for its new ones delightfully bracing, healthful holidays.

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